

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



DECEMBER 13, 1954

25 CENTS

the perfect gift for the one who has everything



MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

ONE of the truly pleasant things about sports is the way they stimulate the telling and retelling of experiences. You can always strike up a sports conversation, and you usually get a respectful audience because the other fellow knows that you'll listen to his story when you're through. It's a kind of mutual understanding and responsiveness.

That's why we are not surprised—although we are delighted—to receive weekly a volume of mail which compares favorably with that of magazines considerably larger in circulation than *SI*. But more than just quantity, our writing readers communicate the feeling of friendliness, even when they scold, cajole or prod us. And they usually add something out of their own back-grounds to what they have read in the magazine. For example, in last week's issue a Housatonic duck hunter confirmed our report with his own on conditions in the Stratford marshes; a Phoenix reader reminded us how points are counted on Western antlers; and an Eastern Air Lines captain responded vigorously to Bill Mauldin's pieces on amateur flying.

One result of all this, as you have seen, is that *THE 19TH HOLE* has grown in size and, rather than just being a "letters to the editor column," has actually become a forum where, as its subtitle says, "the readers take over."

Some of the letters you don't see, however, are the inquiries *SI* also receives from readers everywhere who have turned to this magazine as an authoritative source for all manner of sports information. These go to the Reader Service section of the Letters Department, and I thought you might be interested in a few examples of the diversity of the requests.

From a far-flung reader in Fairbanks, Alaska:

I have a sincere desire to attend the 1956 Olympics. Can you offer me some assistance as the estimated costs and transportation for the trip to Australia?



From a director of physical education at Tulser College in Hillsboro, Kansas:

I would appreciate addresses of boomerang makers, since I am considering the addition of "boomeranging" to my intramural sports program.

From a career-minded girl in Marion, Iowa:

Can you tell me with whom to get in touch about girls' professional baseball, softball and basketball? I would like to get started in one of these sports.



An apparently more formidable inquiry came from a young CIA PR in Chapel Hill, N.C., intrepidly intent on augmenting his income: Could you tell me who would be interested in buying cottonmouths? I make a trip into the Big Cypress Swamp of Florida every Christmas and cottonmouths are a dime a dozen there. I thought I could possibly pick up a little extra spending money by merely gathering a few of these poor misunderstood creatures.

If you are curious, as I was, about how Reader Service got the answer to this one, it was simply a matter of asking the gracious Dr. James Oliver of the Bronx Zoo, who had the information at his fingertips. (Turns out that the demand for cottonmouths is indeed rather limited—confined, as you would imagine, to reptile houses. The going price is \$34 apiece—a substantial markup perhaps from a dime a dozen—but the customers are hard to find.)

We were sorry we could not lend much encouragement here. But we were pleased, as always, to be asked, and pleased to be able to answer.

Harry Phillips

PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned its tallest headlines.



PAUL (Pop) BERRIS, Muskogee, Okla. farmer and stockman, is a rugged, powerful man who looks younger than his 62 years. Oklahomans know Pop not for his crops, but because of his six football-oriented sons. They are the apple of Pop's eye and have left an indelible mark on the game in Oklahoma. Pop played some football himself in his youth in Idaho, but he never forced his boys to play. They took to it naturally, and for that Oklahoma University Coach Bud Wilkinson will be forever grateful.

Two of Pop's boys have made All-American at Oklahoma. **PAUL (Buddy) BERRIS** (top) was honored for his bustling play at guard in 1948. **KURT BERRIS** (bottom right) has made most 1948 All-American listings and last week was voted runner-up to Wisconsin's Alan Ameche for the Heisman Trophy (outstanding player of the year). After Kurt graduates in June, **BOB BERRIS** (bottom left) will be as hard to play fullback for Oklahoma next fall. Shown with Pop are the "babies" of his girl-iron crop, **LYNN** (left) and **LYLE**, 17-year-old twins who are seniors at Muskogee High School. Lynn plays guard and Lyle is a driving fullback. Muskogee Coach Paul Young, who has coached all six sons, says the Berris twins helped make this year's team one of the best he ever coached. As might be expected, the twins hope to go to Oklahoma, and it's a good bet that Oklahoma would love to have them. Pop's sixth son, Don, also starred for Muskogee, but a broken arm restricted his college contribution at Oklahoma to a year of jayvee football.

All the Berris boys are interested in pro football. Buddy played three years for the Green Bay Packers. Kurt hopes to play for the pros and should be able to write his own ticket. Bob will consider pro offers for 1950. In addition to his boys, Pop has five girls, all ardent fans. And let Coach Wilkinson worry about a scarcity of material in the future, Pop has five grandsons already eyeing football careers at Oklahoma from their high chairs.





ELIJAH AUSTIN hunts today at 103 in much the same way he did uncounted years ago. Elijah says he has been hunting every year as far back as he can remember, except 1902, when colds kept him indoors most of the winter. He lives alone in a kerosene-lit farmhouse near Chillicothe, Ohio, in the shadow of Mt. Logan, and still uses an ancient muzzle loader in pursuit of his favorite wild game, rabbits and squirrels. But when snow covers the ground, Elijah makes a modern concession. He tracks rabbits with a .32-caliber pistol.



WILLIAM A. (Uncle BILL) LUNDY hunted Tanagers in the Civil War at 18, can still handle a gun pretty well at 100. Bill, one of those surviving veterans of the Confederate Army, was on hand for the opening of the deer season at Eagle Air Force Base, Fla., bagged a 148-pound, six-point buck the first day. He attributes his long life to hard work, minding his own business and staying away from doctors. When troubled with the misoners, Bill says, he takes a slug of "skinner juice," or Florida moonshine, as quick remedy.

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Publisher E. H. S. Phillips Jr.

Advertising Director William W. Helman

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Once there was a strictly outdoors-type guy who opened a Nash dealership in Ogden, Ute.

And when people who weren't either hunters or fishermen came in to buy a car, he gave them the boot.

Well, one day a little roly-poly gent with white whiskers and a red suit walked in and said, "How much trade-in allowance can you give me on six reindeer and a sleigh?"

And the Nash dealer said, "Hey!

"Don't be ridiculous!

I suppose next you'll be selling me you're St. Nicholas!"

"Right!" said the roly-poly gent. "And I'm tired of living like it was still the horse-and-buggy age.

What I need is an automobile, with a huge compartment for luggage.

"And instead of fooling around with Dornier and Blitzen and such old-fashioned creatures,

I want a new-fashioned Nash, with Twin Travel Beds and Reclining Airliner Seats and All-Season Air Conditioning and other exclusive Nash features!

"Why should I be playing nurse-maid to an army of reindeer, or anyway a squadron.

When I could be driving the car that is, according to what I've heard, America's most modern?"

"That's a good question," the dealer said. "But while I dislike to appear capricious,

I got a personal policy against selling a car to someone unless he hunts or fishes.

And if I should violate this policy just once,

This showroom would soon be cluttered up with a lot of people that neither fishes nor hoes.

"So naturally I can't go selling Nashes to every Tom, Harry and Dick.

Who wanders in here claiming to be St. Nick.

"Then there's a problem about trade-ins, too! I refuse to turn my used-car lot into a zoo.

"I'll grant you I got a few used cars that are ripe for the dismantlers,

But at least they don't have antlers.

"However," said the Nash Dealer, "in view of the fact that for years you've been handing out gifts to all

deserving parties from the goose-shooting flats of James Bay to the marlin grounds of Bimini,

I figure it's high time somebody climbed down your chimney.

"So in order that you can make your rounds in greater comfort, not to mention more economically and faster,

Here, with my compliments, are the keys to this new four-door Nash Ambassador.

"And if anybody should ask you why I violated my policy, just tell them it's because

it's a mighty poor policy that doesn't have a Santa clause."

MORAL:

For that sports-minded friend a Nash automobile would make a gift beautiful and useful, too.

(Or if he already has a Nash, give him a copy of *The Private Dining Room and Other Verses* by Ogden Nash, who has kindly agreed not to sue).



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JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

Otto Graham of the Cleveland Browns wrote in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in October that football is getting too vicious. On the basis of the season's games, do you agree?

SARGE (GREGG) HENLE, New York, N.Y.

Former coach



"Yes. The 'pile-up' is where most players are injured. It's intentional and can be avoided. That's vicious football. Officials don't call this as often as they call 'slipping.' And it's a more dangerous practice. Players do as much piling up in college games as they do in pro football."

THEODORE R. MCKELTIN, Annapolis, Md.

Governor of Maryland



"No. I like the hard brand of football that Army, Navy and the University of Maryland play. It's rough, but not vicious. I've been going to games for years. Seldom have I seen really 'vicious' playing. Football will always be rough. The boys are taught to hit hard. It's the test of a man."

OLLIE GLIPHANT, New Orleans, La.

West Point's greatest All-American halfback



"You have to be vicious to win football games. What's the use of kidding? Nice guys finish last. In the Army-Navy game, the

Navy players used to hit me so hard that you'd think I had just kicked one of their mothers in the stomach. I didn't gripe like Graham. I hit just as hard."

REAR ADMIRAL W. F. BOHME, Annapolis, Md.

Dept. U.S. Naval Academy



"No. Football has never been a game for weaklings. The Naval Academy plays tough, rough football. Our opponents play the same kind of game. We like hard, contact sports and emphasize them. We know from long experience that they help in developing sportsmanship, character and leadership."

CHUCK CONERLY, Charleston, S.C.

N.Y. Football Giants



"Yes, in a legal way. I was hurt in the Cleveland game when I got caught between three men weighing a total of 748 pounds. But it was legal. Maybe a rule to protect the passer would be in order. Men like Y. A. Tittle, Bobby Layne and Otto Graham are each worth a million dollars to pro football."

CHARLES S. THOMAS, Los Angeles, Calif.

Secretary of the Navy



"No. I've seen many rough football games, but I've never seen rougher, tougher football than I saw in this year's Army-Navy

charlie. But it wasn't vicious. A game as hard fought might provoke viciousness, but there were few penalties. This is a true test of sportsmanship."

SEN. JAMES OWEN ALEN, Conn.

First vice pres. & gen. mgr. N.Y. Times



"No, not when teams play in their class. I'm a Princeton man. Yale played Army before playing us. Yale is not in Army's class. The players took a lot of punishment in a one-sided game. Conceivably this could have weakened the team for its annual game with Princeton which Yale lost 21-14."

RAY BROUSE, Co-Captain

N.Y. Football Giants



"No. It's rough, not vicious. After Graham's article in SI the only change was a tightening up by the officials. The Navy raised us by knocking Gliphant and Rote out in one play. But it wasn't dirty. If the rules prohibited getting up and running after being tackled, there'd be less piling on."

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COVER: Parade Division
Photograph by Hans Knorr

Kansas City's gaudy American Royal Horse Show (pages 25-30) differs from New York's National as much as the wide-open games do from the asphalt jungle of the big city. Among the American Royal's points of departure: the colorful Parade Division where the emphasis is on audacity and costumes. In this division Hans Knorr caught 18-year-old Evelyn Grider sitting very pretty on Little Brown Jug.

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NEXT WEEK: IT'S SUMMER IN THE WINTERTIME

IN BLISTERING AUSTRALIA

... the U.S. Davis Cup team is about to meet the Champion Amateurs. Pictures of the top stars in COLOR and a late report from Captain Bill Talbot.

ON THE CALIFORNIA COAST

... the new fashions in bathing suits are on display. For the first time in years they have different lines. The pretty girls who wear them look better than ever.

IN HOT AND HUMID INDIA

... one of the great life and death struggles of the animal world is joined when a mongoose fights a cobra. A never-before sequence by TIM IN COLOR.

PLUS: BRIDGE MATCH OF THE CENTURY BY H. ALLEN SMITH, A REPORT ON GOOSE AND DUCK COCKERY BY HARRY BOTSFORD, AND THE MAJOR LEAGUE MEETINGS BY ROGER KAHN

JIM NORRIS IS PART OF BOXING'S

The identity of the mystery man in a 15-year-old boxing scandal is now revealed for the first time. After fixing the Thomas-Schmeling and Thomas-Galento fights, James Norris Jr. went on to become the president of the IBC. Now he comes into your living room every time you tune in a major TV fight

Copyright 1954 by Time Inc.

MILLIONS of Americans love boxing but have lost confidence in its honesty. Some of them go on hoping that although James D. Norris Jr.—unofficial boss of U.S. boxing—associates with hoodlums and tolerates them in and around boxing he will some day order the sport cleaned up. But James D. Norris is an unlikely candidate for the role of reformer.

SI has testimony—too impressive to be ignored—that Jim Norris himself has been a fixer of prize fights.

This is the same Jim Norris whose rugged face is flashed on television screens each week in advance of fights presented by the International Boxing Club. He is a wealthy and powerful man. At 48, he dominates the IBC, Madison Square Garden, Chicago Stadium, hockey's Chicago Black Hawks, the New York Rangers, a stable of horses and lots more. He has inter-

locking connections in other cities.

For all that, Norris associates with notorious police characters like Frank Carbo, Sammy (Golf Bag) Hunt and Eddie Coco Coss, a convicted murderer who once managed Rocky Graziano, was the beneficiary of a character reference from Norris, who described him as "a man of his word, well liked and highly respected by his many friends."

The man who makes the charges against Norris is Harry Thomas, an all but forgotten heavyweight of the days when Joe Louis and Max Schmeling were big names in the ring. Thomas says his fight with Schmeling at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 18, 1937, in which Thomas supposedly was knocked out in the eighth round, was fixed—and the fixer was Jim Norris. Mike Jacobs, the big promotion wheel of the day who was eventually succeeded by Norris, knew the fight was fixed,

according to Thomas. He says his Garden fight with Jimmy Adamick on Feb. 18, 1938 was one in which Thomas was supposed to "carry" Adamick. Thomas lost the decision. After losing these two fights Thomas nevertheless met Joe Louis for the heavyweight title at Chicago Stadium on April 1, 1938. He explains that the Louis bout, which he lost on the level, was part of his reward—from Jim Norris—for the two fixed fights. He said he took another dive—for Jim Norris—in his bout with Tony Galento in Philadelphia on Nov. 14, 1938.

According to Thomas, his secret manager through this period was Jim Norris, even though his manager of record at the time was Nate Lewis.

A good part of Thomas' story was published in 1939 when Arch Ward, Chicago Tribune sports editor, broke it. At that time there was no mention of Norris' part in the fixes. It is this part which is so important today when Norris controls boxing in virtually all important centers.

Who is Harry Thomas to pit his word against so important and powerful a man as Norris? He is a fellow who makes no excuses for what he did, who volunteered to take a lie detector test as evidence of his truthfulness and sincerity. He earns his living in Chicago as a stationary engineer, has been married for 16 years and has three children. His wife, from his home town of Eagle Bend, Minn., works as a nurse.

A lie detector test was given Thomas at SI's expense by John E. Reid, director of John E. Reid & Associates of Chicago, a former member of the Chicago police's Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory. Co-author of a standard work on lie detection and criminal interrogation, Reid concludes that Thomas is telling the truth.

Thomas' story is further supported by Sig Hart, an old bantamweight fighter who managed and trained Jack Johnson. Hart says that Norris invited him to the meeting at which the Schmeling fix was arranged and admitted the purpose of the meeting was to fix the fight.

Also, Thomas wrote to a friend, Lee Carroll, advising him that the Schmeling bout was to be fixed. Carroll, now a neighbor and friend of Thomas, identifies the letter.

Opposite is Thomas' sworn story.



MILLIONS of Americans know the face of Jim Norris from his photographic image

on their television screens. Few of them, however, know the man behind the face.

Thomas gives the details of three crooked fights in his signed and sworn statement

by

HARRY THOMAS

CHICAGO

JIM NORRIS will say that I am a punch drunk. I hope he does. I've taken a lie detector test. I'll take one with Norris any time, any place. Or an IQ test, either.

Some of my friends seem to think that I'm hurting the boxing game by telling this story. I'm trying to make boxing better.

The beginning of my athletic delays was wrestling. Was a few championships up around Eagle Bend, Minnesota. I was a catcher in baseball, which was probably one of my undoings in boxing.

After I got out of high school, I went to work for the Southern Pacific Railroad, worked there till '35. Started boxing in '33. Never had an amateur fight in my life because I played professional baseball.

Dan Thomas, no relation, started me boxing. My real name is Postum but I took his name then and still use it. My brother Joe used to box, and when I was working out with Joe, Dan said do this, do that. He figured I'd be a better fighter. I wasn't interested, but Dan seemed to think I'd make a go of it.

Jim Jeffries was out there and saw me and thought I'd make it. I went into boxing that fall. I won my first eight fights by knockouts. No, it was nine. The 10th fight of my life was for the California heavyweight championship. I won that by a KO in the 4th.

Nobody around Los Angeles wanted to fight me, so I went to Seattle. Lost my first fight, I'd been in a car accident. In a rematch I knocked the guy out in the sixth.

After about 10 fights around there, I was free lancing. I had no contract. Dempsey was up there on a refereeing tour. He liked me so I gave him a contract as my manager. After a couple fights I went back down to Los Angeles.

I had about four fights under Dempsey, then I got an infection in my arm. It was from blood poisoning I got when I was hurt on the railroad. Dempsey

continued on next page



THOMAS TAKES LIE DETECTOR TEST. DARES JIM NORRIS TO DO THE SAME

Eight questions covering the most significant points in his statement to SI were asked of Harry Thomas during a lie detector examination in the offices of John E. Reid & Associates of Chicago, outstanding specialists in polygraph testing. Thomas had volunteered for this examination. The questions and answers:

1. Was your fight with Schmeling fixed?
Answer:

YES

2. Was Jim Norris Jr. your secret manager?
Answer:

YES

3. Was your fight with Galeoto fixed?
Answer:

YES

4. Did you write your friends before the Schmeling fight to say that it was fixed?
Answer:

YES

5. Did Jim Norris Jr. tell you in person to lose the Schmeling fight?
Answer:

YES

6. In October, 1937 in a Drake Hotel room did Jim Norris Jr. tell you to lose the Schmeling fight?
Answer:

YES

7. Did Jim Norris Jr. tell you personally that he would have a man sign your manager's contract for him?
Answer:

YES

8. Did Jim Norris Jr. tell you in person to lose the Galeoto fight?
Answer:

YES

After studying the results Reid, who had personally conducted the examination, concluded: "It is the opinion of the examiner, based on this subject's records, that he is telling the truth regarding the above-listed questions."

was told by the doctor that I'd never fight again. Dempsey gave me back my contract. He said, "Happy if your arm gets all right I'll be in New York, come and see me."

FIRST WORD OF HORRORS

But I had no money, so I worked at the railroad. Then about October, Tom Andrews from Milwaukee, a friend of mine, wrote me that Jim Mullen and Nate Levin were putting on a white hope tournament in Chicago, and he had talked to Mullen about me.

Mullen told him if I was interested he would send me the money to come here to fight. I got a telegram from Mullen, and then he phoned me. He wired the money, and the next night I took the train to Chicago. I arrived here the 6th of November, 1935.

On Nov. 11, 1935 we had our first fight in the tournament. I won eight fights in the tournament by knockout and one by decision. I was one kind of a guy nobody wanted to fight, because I fought in a crouch. I was tough, could take a punch, even if they beat me they didn't look good. Nobody wanted to fight me. In the tournament they had to. That was one of my best strings.

When I came here I gave Mullen a contract. First I heard anything about the Norries having anything to do with it was when Jim Norris senior

called me. He told me he had signed me for a fight with Godoy.

I told him: "You have no business signing me for a fight, I'm not under contract to you." He said, "We brought you here, put you through that tournament, and we're going to use you." I got smart and told him "Listen you old gray-headed bastard, you're not going to sign me for nothing."

Then he started telling me about how they owned the Stadium. He said he was going to get rid of Mullen. Then Mullen got hold of me and told me my best bet was to give Norris the contract.

That was the last contact I ever had with the senior Norris. Jim Norris junior phoned me. He told me "The old man's pretty sore at you." He wanted me to come down and see him. Jim Mullen had told Norris that he had already torn up my contract, and he had, right in front of me in an office in the Chicago Stadium.

I went down to the Norris office in the Board of Trade Building. He told me that they owned the Stadium, the Olympia in Detroit, the boxing club in Duluth, Minnesota, and owned a large share in Madison Square Garden. Jim said if you go along with us, we'll get you to the top and keep you there.

He also told me they had a bunch of race horses and owned the Detroit Red Wings hockey team, and laughingly said they owned half the wheat this

*Ralph Carpenter
from Chicago to Los Angeles
- has an very upcoming match
I also have a fight for you.
Let's have it the corner has
Nate's name. Still has another
fight after Nate has some
good work doing tomorrow
I don't want to fight tomorrow
Keep the money you had
for training - I'll give
a share to you I'll give
a tip. I am supposed
to have to be working in
the fourth round.
Could not have gotten the
fight any other way.*

Thomas warned of fixed Schmeling fight in letter to friend Lee Carroll

"... Ralph Carpenter from Chicago and Lee Angeles is here on my sporting mate. I also have a fellow from Palermo, N.J., comes here. Next week I'll have another fellow also. Man been doing good work every morning. Am down to 160 now. Keep this under your hat. Lee, please. If you have a chance to bet I'll give a tip. I am supposed to lose to Schmeling in the fourth round. Could not have gotten the fight any other way."

side of Quebec. He said if we can't do anything for you, I don't know who can.

NORRIS, SENIOR MANAGER

I agreed to a contract. Norris said, "You understand I can't sign my name to a contract because I do some promoting and own the stadiums. But you know I'll be doing your business. I'll have somebody sign the contract." He got somebody in the grain office. I don't even remember the name. The only contact I ever had with this manager was I talked with him in the phone one time after the signing.

Norris asked if I wanted Keene to front for me. I didn't want him. I told Norris. Then Norris suggested Nate Levin. I'd met Nate a couple times at the Stadium. I agreed that would be all right.

Nate took over from there. That fall, which was '36, I'd had four or five fights, then they started talking about bringing me up for a fight with Max Schmeling.

In October of 1937, Nate received a wire from Joe Jacobs in New York. It

'ONE OF THE BIGGEST SWINDLES'



ARCH WARD

THE man who broke the original story of Harry Thomas' fixed bouts 15 years ago was Arch Ward, sports editor of the Chicago Tribune, nationally known for the development of amateur boxing's Golden Gloves tournament. Ward described the events revealed by Thomas as "one of the biggest scandals in the history of boxing."

Sports Editor Ward spent two months investigating Thomas before he printed the story, convinced then that the boxer was telling the truth. "The Tribune's investigation of Thomas' ring career," he reported, "uncovered no irregularities or indications of dishonesty until his fight with Schmeling." And as to allegations that Thomas was "punch

drunk," Ward told Illinois' Assistant Attorney General Edwin T. Brown: "I've seen 250,000 fighters [sic] in the last 10 years and if Thomas is punch drunk, so are all of them."

When the Illinois State Athletic Commission wound up eight months of sporadic hearings with a no-decision verdict that the Tribune's revelations were "not substantiated," Ward was understandably bitter. He pointed out that the Tribune had not retracted a word of its story. "It isn't necessary to mention," he wrote, "that a newspaper must know what it is printing when it presents a piece like that and makes it stick."

There was no mention of Norris in the Tribune disclosures. At that time Ward, presumably for excellent legal reasons, refused to identify another person described as a principal in the case. He would name this party, Ward said at the time, only before a grand jury or in a court of law.



LOSING TO SCHMELING IN EIGHT ROUNDS, THOMAS SAYS HE LEFT HIMSELF WIDE OPEN FOR MAX'S BIGHT BUT HAD TO DELAY BIVE

said to meet him at a certain room in the Drake hotel here in Chicago at a certain time. Nate phoned me. I met him at the Clover bar on Clark Street. We took a cab to the Drake.

Nate said you wait here, Norris will be here after a while. I was there quite a while, then somebody came down to the lobby and said go to such and such a room. When I came in the room, there was Lewis, Norris, and Joe Jacobs, Schmeling's manager. I tossed my hat on the bed. Jacobs grabbed it and yelled, "What's the matter with you, don't you know it's bad luck?"

To me it was a joke. He was really serious.

Norris started talking. He said Jacobs was here to sign me for a fight with Max Schmeling. Jacobs said "You got that farm up there in Minnesota. You can make more money on this one fight than you could make on that farm the rest of your life."

He said "You do business with us and you'll be taken care of." I said "What do you mean do business?" Then Norris said to me, "You'll have to take a dive, lose the fight by a knockout."

I told him, "Jim, I've never been even knocked off my feet in my life." He said, "All you got to do is keep going down. You don't have to take counts. Keep getting up and they'll stop it." He said, "I want you to be in good shape, I don't want you to get hurt."

Jacobs said I'd make at least \$65,000. He said I and Schmeling could

split the gate. They figured they'd fill up the Garden. Norris and I were splitting 50-50, so he'd get half of that. We signed the contract there. Part of the deal was that I also was to fight Jim Adair in the Garden in February, and was to carry him for 10 rounds. The deal was that I was to lose to Schmeling, carry Adair, and was to get a shot at Louis, and the Louis fight was to be on the up and up. If I beat Louis I got another shot at Schmeling.

So all three contracts were signed right there. After all that talk about big money I figured I could lick anybody in the world.

From the Drake we drove up the Outer Drive to a north side hotel. Arthur Wirtz' secretary put the notary seal on the contracts. I don't remember her name, I think she was a tall, dark girl.

We drove both ways in Norris' car. On the way back they dropped me off at the Lincoln Hotel. Norris said Jacobs wanted to fly back that night so he wouldn't be missed in New York.

I'd like to say so people can know, I continued on next page

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The preparation of this latest chapter in SI's continuing report on boxing's dirty business was, as usual, a joint enterprise. Among those who have contributed are: Jack Mabley, special correspondent for SI and Chicago Daily News investigating reporter who has written nationally syndicated boxing stories; Sam Welles, chief of the Times Inc. Chicago bureau; T. George Harris of the Chicago staff; Martin Kane and Robert Boyle of the New York staff of SI; and, of course, Harry Thomas. Mr. Thomas was paid a standard article rate for the first person story he tells here.



don't like to say things about people when they are dead. They can't defend themselves. But I brought it up in 1939, and they could defend themselves then.

From Chicago I went up to Minnesota. I told my brothers about the deal, told them not to say anything. I worked in the woods, hauling wood, did road work every morning, got in good condition.

MIKE JACOBS KNEW OF IT

The Schmeling fight wasn't announced until Schmeling landed in New York and said he was fighting me. I trained in New York at Pompton Lakes so the New York newspapersmen could get out and see me.

I fought Schmeling Dec. 10, 1937. I went down to Mike Jacobs' office. Here's another guy who has passed on time.

I told Mike, "You know I'm supposed to lose this fight." Mike said, "All you got to do is look good for four rounds, my boy, and don't have to worry about nothin' from there on." He said "You're signed for two other fights, aren't you?" I said yes. He said, "If you beat Louis you get a rematch with Schmeling and with Louis. That'll be all the fighting you'll be wanting to do."

I was kicking Schmeling's ears down for at least three rounds. I found it wasn't hard to hit him. I was hitting with left hooks to the body and right hooks to the head. I was roughing him up in the clinches a little bit—not fouling him, but too strong for him. He was squeaking to Donovan, the referee. I don't know if Schmeling knew the fight was fixed. I heard afterward that he said Jacobs had crossed him up, I was too rough for him.

After the third round Nate Lewis in the corner told me, "Take it easy, Harry. You're too rough." So the fourth round I coasted pretty much, kind of waiting for Schmeling to level with that potent right hand he is supposed to have. In the seventh round he landed a kind of half-hearted right and I went down, to let him know I was ready to go. I didn't take any count, got right up.

In the eighth I don't remember how many times I went down. In the eighth they stopped it. He didn't hurt me any

FAIR FIGHT with Champion Joe Louis (lower picture) was sandwiched between fixed bouts against Jimmy Adamsick (right in top picture) and Tony Galento (right in bottom picture). Thomas' title shot ended in a knockout by Louis in the fifth round.

more than my little son could. I was even giving him clean shots. Leaving myself open, walk up like I was out on my feet, let my hands drop, give him a clean shot at my chin. I just didn't want to get out.

The next day Nate Lewis and I went down to a hotel, I can't think of the name of it. It was Morris' hotel. They told me to wait in an outer room in a suite. They were in a huddle in an inner room. Joe Jacobs, Nate Lewis, Jim Norris were in there.

Then Jim Norris came out to me and handed me a bunch of money. Some one thousand dollar bills, some hundreds. That was the first thousand dollar bill I ever saw. I was sitting on theavenport and he tossed it down to me. I looked at it and said, "Jim where's all that money we talked about for the fight?" It looked like about one-third.

Norris said, "That's the pay-off, Harry. What can we do about it?" I took one of those thousand dollar bills. I wanted to show it to my folks, they'd never seen one. I think I took six one hundred dollar bills. I told Norris I wanted the rest by check. He gave me a check. I'm not sure how much it was, maybe thirty-two hundred, around there. I think we got a total of about \$15,000. Expenses were about a third, and Norris and I split the rest.



AS STATIONARY ENGINEER IN ICE CREAM PLANT, THOMAS EARNS \$12.25 WEEKLY

In February of 1938 I lived up to my agreement on Adamick. I carried him for ten rounds. At the end of the sixth Donovan, again the referee, said I had lost two on low blows. The 10th round I went out standing straight up and jabbing with my left. I hit him on the chin with a right, his knees

buckled, I grabbed him in a clinch to hold him up. After clinching for a while, I threw a few feeble left hooks to the body, and he pushed me back. I noticed his eyes were not clear. He threw a left hook for my head, which I caught high with my right. continued on next page

A BANTAM CONFRONTS NORRIS



SIN HART

SIN HART is 82 years old now but as cocky as ever he was in the days when he fought the best in the bantam division and managed and trained the great Jack Johnson. He says flatly that Jim Norris told him that he and others were arranging to fix the Schmeling-Thomas fight. He says flatly that Jim Norris was Thomas' secret manager.

He says further that Norris at least had knowledge of another fixed fight in which Thomas was not involved. This is the way Hart, who once worked with both Norries, father and son, told it in a sworn statement:

"Jim Norris Jr. picked me up at my apartment at 446 Arlington Place, Chicago, where I still live, one night in October 1937. As we drove down to the Drake Hotel, Norris said he was going there to meet Joe Jacobs and Nate Lewis to arrange the Schmeling-Thomas fight and he wanted me to go with him. I told him that if I went up into that Drake Hotel room, there wouldn't be any such talk. I also told him, 'If I was you, I wouldn't go up there.'

"Norris admitted to me that they were arranging for Thomas to lose the fight. I refused to go up because I'd been in the boxing game 50 years and nobody could point his finger at me. So Norris dropped me at the Drake and I took a taxi on down to the Loop.

"After the Schmeling fight in New York, Thomas came

back to Chicago. Thomas was always a great guy to talk—he was telling them around George Trautson's gymnasium, 'I had a hard time losing to Schmeling.' So I got bold of Nate Lewis and said, 'You've got to tell Thomas to stop talking. He's got diarrhea of the mouth.'

"Nate said, 'Gee, I'm glad you told me,' and he tried to stop Thomas from talking. I didn't hear Thomas do any more talking like that until after the Gaberis fight.

"Jim Norris Jr. definitely owned Thomas. Norris was Thomas' real manager. For instance, Norris called me up when Thomas' sister died. Thomas was in St. Paul and Norris wanted me to wire him \$500. Norris called me by phone asking me as a favor to wire this money by Western Union, as he didn't have a chance to get to his office to do it. I wired the money, and Norris personally repaid me for it. Thomas had come to Chicago in November, 1935 for the white hope tournament. After Thomas won the tournament, Norris told me he wanted to get Thomas' contract—and he did get it. Thomas' sister died in January, 1936, so when Norris phoned me about sending Thomas the money it was obvious he was Thomas' real manager.

"Jim Norris Jr. never hesitated to talk freely to me in these days. We were very close then. Norris, for example, told me that the Roscoe Towles-Jimmy Adamick fight was fixed. Norris was trying to build up Adamick for a shot at the championship. If the Thomas-Adamick fight had been on the up and up, there's no question in my mind that Thomas would have knocked Adamick out in the first round."

fight hand. As he drew his arm back I again hit him on the chin with a right. His knees buckled again and I elbowed again.

Adamick got the decision. I did my job too well in the early rounds. I was sorry to lose, but I didn't worry too much about it because I already had a contract for the Louis fight.

CELEBTS BUILD-UP

I fought Louis April 1, 1938 at Chicago Stadium, in spite of the fact I had lost fights to Schmeling and Adamick. The Louis fight was legitimate. I had him in trouble in the third. I crossed over his left jab with a right and hit him high on the jaw. In the fifth Joe got me. He was a good fighter—youth, speed, reach, height, punched good with both hands, and was clean. He was the best I ever fought.

Norris still had me then. It was a poor money fight.

I said that was enough fighting for me. But they wanted me to fight Tony Galento in Philadelphia. I was to get \$6,000 and was to lose the fight because they were building Galento up for a fight with Louis. They wanted him to win in three or four so he'd have a better record than Louis.

Norris told me all this. He said "You're going to quit fighting, and you're going East to work anyway, and you sure can use \$6,000."

So in November, 1938 I fought Galento in Philadelphia. Herman (Muggsy) Taylor promoted the fight. (He's the same Taylor with the Norris group now.) Taylor told me he was part owner of Galento. I told Taylor to tell Galento to throw punches for the body because I know fans can't determine how hurt you are from punches in the body.

So slow Tony would hint to the body with a left hook, I'd move in close, and he'd throw a right to the head, and I'd go under it. He'd throw a right four inches over my head, and I'd go down.

When I'd get up in the clinch I'd tell him, "For Christ sake hit me in the body." He'd do the same thing again. Same results. When the third round started, which was the round I was supposed to lose in, I distinctly remember hearing several people from different places in the hall holler to me, "Remember, Thomas, this is the third round."

I went down for keeps that round.

Staggered to my feet, looked helplessly at the referee. That was the end of a very disgusted fighter.

Next day when we were supposed to have the settlement, Nate called me over to his hotel room, then paid me about half what we were supposed to get, told me he's going back to Chicago, you're going back to New York. Let's get out of town tonight. They're talking about an investigation tomorrow.

I don't think they held another fight in that hall for six months. They had to keep fumigating it.

I went to New York to work on construction of a New York apartment. The following January, 1939 it was, I went up to my home in Minnesota. After my last four fights, I hardly dared look over my own people in the eye. So when I got back to Minneapolis,

Halsey Hall, a sports announcer there, and I met on the street, talked about fights and fighters. He told me Russ Wauer was fighting Dick Daniels for the Minnesota heavyweight championship. Asked me what I thought about the fight. I told him if he thought Wauer was a good match for Daniels, I thought I could whip them both in one night.

He asked me to say it on the air, and I did. The result was I signed to fight Daniels, and I knocked him out in four, so I felt at least I had shown I wasn't the bum those other fights showed me to be.

I hope that young fighters will read this and know what to do if they get in the position I was in. You can't do business with these people, I learned. I want to see boxing cleaned up. This is what I can do to try to help. ☐



HARRY THOMAS, shown with wife and three children, is devoted family man. He

and Mrs. Thomas, a home town girl friend, have been happily married for 16 years.

SOUNDTRACK

TODAY THE PROBITY OR LACK OF PROBITY OF THE MEN WHO RUN
BOXING IS THE CONCERN OF ANYONE WHO CAN TWIST A TV DIAL

an Editorial

IN MAKING the disclosures about boxing on the preceding pages, *SI* takes not even a dour satisfaction. For one thing, it is not pleasant to report fresh evidence of corruption in a well-loved sport. For another, virtually all the most important assertions, save the central one which involves James D. Norris Jr., president of the International Boxing Club, were published 15 years ago by the Chicago Tribune. The Tribune is sponsor of the Golden Gloves Amateur tournament, which it originated, and is by no means an enemy of boxing. Neither is *SI*.

Across the years there have been other campaigns to clean up boxing's dirty business, and most of them have ended in failure. This magazine refuses to conclude from such evidence that the effort is hopeless. Furthermore, it believes that because of the truly nationwide following boxing has attracted in the 1960s, a renovation was never more in order. In 1939, when Harry Thomas made his first revelations about the fixed fights he had engaged in, the integrity of boxing chiefly affected the relatively small number of Americans who go to fights. Today, week after week, television brings prize fighting into the U.S. family living room. (Concurrently, the bread-and-butter economics of boxing has shifted fundamentally: a promoter today depends not so much on the gate as on his TV take.) Today the probity or lack of probity of the men who run boxing becomes the concern of anyone who can twist a dial.

It is usually a mighty hard thing to prove that a fight has been fixed. There can be thunderous boos from the audience, but boos have seldom cost a hoodlum a dollar—not even when a state boxing commission, stirred into paper-shuffling investigation by the fury of a cheated crowd, has performed with delicacy and decorum the job of making all look well with

the world of boxing again. Or not even when a state boxing commission of integrity has tried honestly and failed because no one will talk.

Many Americans have concluded that nothing much can really be done—and go so far as to say, "Why not close professional boxing down?" *SI* does not accept that counsel.

Boxing was once a mostly illegal sport in the United States, with bouts either billed as "exhibitions" as professional wrestling is now, or presented unlawfully in clubs which were the equivalent of speak-easies. Today boxing is legal in 48 states, watched over by state or local commissions with licensing powers. Able to issue and revoke licenses, the commissions control the livelihood of promoters, managers and boxers. They possess a truly extraordinary power.

Few, however, have cared to use this power against James D. Norris. But it is worth pointing out that the International Boxing Club has now drawn the attention of the Federal government. Before the Supreme Court of the United States, the Department of Justice is seeking to establish that the IBC is a business in interstate commerce and a violator of the anti-trust laws. If the government wins its point, boxing may come under a battery of existing Federal statutes and be policed as other interstate business is.

There are still other sources of control. For instance, a great share of boxing's legitimate revenue comes from television. The entire television industry, which must certainly have appraised its own self-interest by this time, is vitally concerned.

But perhaps the most pertinent question at this moment is not who is going to control boxing or who should control it. The question to be answered first is simply this: IS BOXING GOING TO BE A LEGITIMATE SPORT OR A DIRTY BUSINESS?

BASKETBALL: A GAME, DANCE, DATE

College basketball began last week with more than 500 games. There was excitement, even one riot, but the week had another meaning. The winter season on the American campus had begun.

BASKETBALL came riding into America's sports scene last week. La Salle, defending national champion and proud possessor of Super Star Tom Gola (opposite page), opened with an effortless 88-12 victory over a little college called Millersville State Teachers. Iowa, favored to win the Big Ten title, worked harder overpowering Loyola of Chicago 88-78. Although UCLA, a power on the Coast, trounced Kansas State 86-57, the UCLAns worked hardest of all. Their bruising, sprawling game broke up in a riot.

All across the country the basketball season—the winter season on the campus—had begun. More than 500 games were played in the college circuit alone and the smaller games, involving the smaller schools, trailed off into a mass of agate type on sports pages. But on the scene, in big colleges and small, all basketball meant pretty much the same thing: a game, a dance, a date.

La Salle is a small school in Philadelphia and doesn't have a field house of its own. When the Explorers played Millersville they rented a local high school gymnasium. Quietly they went ahead 40-12 and as a contest, the game wasn't much. But as a college evening, La Salle's game with Millersville was just fine, especially for a trim girl who sat in a front row and drew whistles whenever she stood up. She stood up often.

To an expert, De Paul's 94-93 overtime victory over

Minnesota at Chicago Stadium was no more than an interesting preliminary to the big test for Iowa. But to Marv Genslein, a De Paul junior, there was near catastrophe before his school managed to overcome an obvious outrage (see below) and secure victory.

In California it was a matter of philosophy and Fred (Tex) Winter, the Kansas State coach, was the philosopher.

"We're not that bad a ball club," he declared after the game and the riot had ended, "but the philosophy has certainly changed for the worst on the Coast. Four or five years ago, the Midwest played pretty rough, but that was child's play compared to this. And we've cleaned things up since."

The roughness led to a riot which started with a scramble for a loose ball, continued with a Kansas State assistant coach running onto the floor and ended with both benches and the university police in on the action. But the tumult and the shooting soon died.

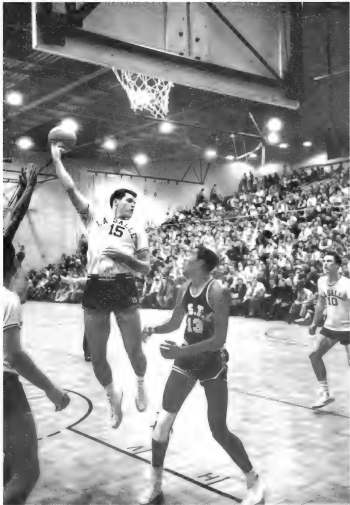
Basketball does not give its fans a full week for reflection, as football does. Every night from now until March some teams will be playing. Most play three games each week. Someone has estimated that before this season ends 8,000,000 people will have seen college basketball. To a few it will mean the intricacies of the sloughing defense and the screen. To others it will mean a chance to watch a special star. But to the collegeians it will mean what it has always meant: a game, a dance, a date.

OBVIOUS OUTRAGE draws De Paul crowd to its feet, led by junior, Marv Genslein (in caps). Outrage was completely forgotten when De Paul five won game in overtime.

TOM GOLA, graceful giant of La Salle, clears a rebound and hooks a pass to teammate Charley Singley.

continued on next page





PREVIEW: GREAT SEASON, GREATER STAR

by ROGER KAHN

BETWEEN college basketball was scrubbed clean, it was easy for knowing gamblers and flacks to sit down in December, predict the results of games in February and be certain of a phenomenal degree of accuracy. That was 1951. Today it is a pleasure to report that no one has any idea what's going to happen this season. Gamblers and flacks are no longer part of the game.

There are at hand only theories and the usual supply of "can't miss" teams. La Salle should do pretty well. So should Iowa. So should UCLA.

And there are trends. Probably the best basketball will be played in the East, but the South is following tradition. It is rising again.

Mostly, though, there are stars, and the stars may make this basketball season the finest since scandal darkened the sport. To begin, we have an All-America five. To begin the five, we have Tom Gola of La Salle.

THE GREATEST IN HISTORY

Duquesne's men are saying that Gola is the greatest college basketball player in history. He passes brilliantly and shoots brilliantly and rebounds brilliantly and defends brilliantly. Last season he averaged 23 points a game. The average is an understatement of his team value. Gola is a six-foot-seven-inch senior, perfectly built and perfectly coordinated, who can play forward, center or guard. There is a theory that if Gola ever gets angry on a court he'll score 100 points, but Gola, like Stan Musial, plays without temperament or temper.

It's a short ride from La Salle in Philadelphia to Duquesne in Pitts-

burgh but it's a long step down from Gola to the Duke's Dick Ricketta. No criticism of Ricketta; Gola is just the best.

In Ricketta, Duquesne has a four-court man who plays in the pivot or out. He has been aporodically amazing throughout his career. This season he should be consistently amazing.

So should John Horan of Dayton. Horan is six feet eight inches and so lean that he's been nicknamed the Vertical Hyphen. But when Horan shoots he prevents exclamation points.

Shortest of the brightest stars is a 220-pound country boy from Jonesville, N.C. named Dick Hennis. The "tunt" is six feet six inches, plays for Wake Forest. He sank 50% of his field goal attempts last year.

Indiana's Don (Oa) Schlundt is the best center in the country. The finest tribute to Schlundt's scoring skill is this: opponents gather around him and let long shots come—just as long as the Oa is harnessed. Schlundt's nickname is no accident. He's six feet ten inches and weighs 225 pounds.

Put Gola and Hennis at guards, Horan and Ricketta at forwards, Schlundt at center and you have EP's pre-season All-America five. This may overlook the merits of other stars, but it's a pre-season dream team, subject to change, with notice, as the season progresses.

Gola should carry La Salle all the way to its second straight N.C.A.A. championship. "I don't have a fifth man," La Salle's Coach Ken Loeffler was heard to wail last week. Perhaps, but he has three good men and Gola.

Dudley Moore, who coaches Duquesne, has another complaint. "No depth," Dudley says, "and no Gola." The complaint is minor. Behind Ricketta, Duquesne has a Brooklyn boy named Shugie Green with steel springs for legs. Green is a junior and it will be Moore's pleasure to watch this young man develop. He should develop enough to make Duquesne the second best team in the country.

Iowa takes the No. 3 spot and probably will take the Big Ten championship away from Indiana, too. The Hawkeyes have no single star like Schlundt but they had eight sophomores on their line team last season. Now they have eight juniors and,

therefore, should be that much better.

Dayton, with Horan and a seven-foot center named Billy Uhl, shapes up as the best midwestern independent and the fourth best in the country. North Carolina State, on N.C.A.A. probation, is ineligible for tournament competition. Perfectly eligible for regular-season play, State looms as the No. 5 team. Niagara, always tough, plays La Salle Saturday. A good game shapes up. Niagara is No. 6.

Wichita, featuring speedy Cleo Littleton, looks like the seventh best in the country. Kentucky, not the power it was, still has the top-flight coaching of Adolph Rupp. The Wildcats have promise and Rupp turns promise into results. No. 8.

TWO GOOD PRACTICES

The Pacific Coast is not strong. Perhaps it is a football hangover that prompts the selection of UCLA as No. 9, but the UCLA's do have stars in John Moore and Don Rugg. St. Francis of Loretto, Pa., an athletically ambitious small school, is a long-shot special at No. 10. Dr. William Hughes, the coach, practices dentistry, so his squad practices after office hours—from 8 to 10:30. Both practices are good.

There are, of course, other teams who'll crash the top 10. Fordham, Holy Cross and Alabama are strong and threatening. But in this December it is not possible to be quite sure what February holds. That's the best thing that could possibly have happened to college basketball.

ALL-AMERICA FIVE

Pos.	Player	School	Ht.
LF	Ricketta	Duquesne	6'7½"
RF	Horan	Dayton	6'8"
C	Schlundt	Indiana	6'10"
RG	Hennis	Wake Forest	6'6"
LG	Gola	La Salle	6'7"

Players to watch

Forwards: Cain, Iowa; Green, Duquesne; Garmaker, Minnesota; Sears, Santa Clara.

Centers: Conlin, Fordham; Harper, Alabama; McKee, Calif.; Shuckie, N.C. State.

Guards: Able, West. Ky.; Bauer, Seattle; Rollins, Louisville; Stephens, Notre Dame.

TOP 20 FIVES

	Team	Last year's record
1	La Salle	26-4
2	Duquesne	25-3
3	Iowa	17-5
4	Dayton	25-7
5	N.C. State	26-7
6	Niagara	24-6
7	Wichita	27-4
8	Kentucky	25-6
9	UCLA	19-7
10	St. Francis (Pa.)	21-5

THE EAST

With the East dominant in the national picture, top teams in this sector can be spotted among the country's best (opposite page). Behind the first flight is **CONNECTICUT**, big enough and good enough to threaten any of the top 10. The Huskies' biggest boost is Center Ed Conlin.

MASSACHUSETTS has lost its strong boy, Togo Palmiter, from a squad that brought the N.I.T. title to Worcester, Mass. The Crusaders have not lost Tom Holbrook and lean on New England's strongest by far.

Other top Eastern independents are **VILLANOVA** and **PENNSYLVANIA**. Villanova still has Bob Schafer, who averaged 27 points a game last season. Penn State was strong

enough to make the N.C.A.A. semifinals.

The New York metropolitan area, in perennial days of basketball greatness, has dropped back. **UTAH** still looks strongest after Fordham. **ST. JOHNS** of Brooklyn should be improved.

In the Ivy League, **YALE**, which was its first hoop championship in 30 years last season, is favored to win its second in 31 years this winter. The "big" man is five-foot-six-inch Chuck Rollins. **PRINCETON**, third in the league last year, has a new coach, these good veteran players, and should move to second. A year ago **CONNECTICUT** followed Cornell. This year the Tigers likely will trail both Cornell and Penn.

KEN LOEFFLER, LA SALLE

In his 18 years of coaching, he has won a total of 871 games. Coached "champions" at Yale, now has top-notch players at La Salle. But he also has an ally.



The Yankee Conference is a little band of brothers which does not threaten to upset the Big Ten as a domain of high-powered athletes. But it does boast one high-powered player: Art Quisenberry of Connecticut. The Huskies were 7-4 in their league, should repeat.

THE SOUTH

It's tradition, with, to look toward **KENTUCKY**. There, among the mountains and the plains, dwells Adolph Rupp.

For nine straight seasons Rupp's Kentucky squads won Southeastern Conference championships. Overemphasis led to scandal and in the season of 1960-61 the N.C.A.A. snapped Kentucky's string by ordering the school to withdraw from competition for the year. Kentucky played "informally" and drew big crowds to inter-squad games, then last season went unbeaten. Frank Ramsey, Cliff Hagan and Lou Taborowski, Kentucky's stars, were graduate students and ineligible for the N.C.A.A. tournament. So Kentucky had to pass it up.

This season the trio is through with graduate work and Rupp is rebuilding. He may be cannot rebuild enough to cope with **ALA. BAMA**. Somewhere, though, it is hard to believe that Kentucky will be unseated again as long as Rupp remains. He likes to win and he knows how.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE (Rover) wins the Atlantic Coast Conference championship and often does—so often that the N.C.A.A. has entered this season, too. The Wolfpack is eligible for regular season play but ineligible for the N.C.A.A. tournament—punishment for overemphasis.

MISSISSIPPI will push N.C. State in the title race, with Dick Harter putting hard on. **NORTH CAROLINA** has some competent

RODOLPH RUFF, KENTUCKY

Baron of the Maroon country, once only drove auto, believes they're back. Probably he's right. In 24 years as coach, Rupp has won 146, lost only 22.



veterans and sophomore star Leroy Ross-Blaith, even has height and seasoning.

In the Southern Conference the pressman scribbled for **GEORGE WASHINGTON** to repeat. **FORDHAM** and **WEST VIRGINIA** may trouble George Washington.

Among the Southern independents, **LOUISVILLE** seems far ahead.

THE MIDWEST

There's a good chance that the Big Ten basketball race will end up this spring as hoped as the American League can for a pennant did last summer. What the Yankees and Indians did to the weaker ball clubs, **MINN.** and **INDIANA** should do to the weaker teams.

Fordy Anderson, an ambitious man, is coaching **MINNESOTA** again, but this is his first year. **MINNESOTA** has Dick Garmender and **WISCONSIN** has a squad of three seniors and five juniors. The other Big Ten clubs don't figure at all.

The Missouri Valley Conference runs from Detroit to Texas and goes in for top-notch teams. Once **CALIFORNIA** is a mid-

west champion, playing for pennants, losing customers and winning consistently. This year, for the first time in memory, the Aggies are without a giant. If you don't get the ball off the backboard, you can't play for pennants.

Coach Ed Hickley teaches fast breaks at **ST. LOUIS** and has a line man named Dick Beubler. He doesn't have enough of everything else.

WISCONSIN looks like the inheritor of the Missouri Valley crown. Coach Littleton heads a veteran team that plays its home games in a 4,100-seat arena. The arena is sold out for the entire season and has been since last spring. Basketball-happy Wis-

BURKE GORMAN, IOWA

In his fourth year at Iowa, has his own device of using weight lifting as team conditioner. Says it makes basketball seem lighter. Has 18 18 record with Hawkeyes.



consin fans, who won't be able to see their team, are looking toward next year. A field house costing close to \$2,000 will have been built by then. The Big Seven promises a close race. **ILLINOIS** and **MISSOURI** are the favorites. Among the independents behind **KANSAS** there is **NOTRE DAME**.

THE SOUTHWEST

There just doesn't seem to be a powerhouse in the new country or the desert this year. **UTAH** and **ARIZ.** can be expected to battle it out for the Southwest Conference crown. **ARIZ.** and **TEXAS** shared last year. **UTAH** can be expected to make it close. **TEXAS** took last year's Border Confer-

ence championship club, should win again.

The Mountain states are usually grouped with the Southwest and amid the Mountains two teams want one title. **UTAH** is a sound choice for the Skyline Conference crown and **UTAH** is just as sound a choice to be a pretender.

BOB WATTS, SMU

We spotted sensation for our SMU sports news in Dallas and reported. "This is where they'll bury me." The report is premature.



THE FAR WEST

Two new coaches have hit the Coast this year but it's doubtful that either will open with a champion. Horie Dalmar at **STANFORD**, after a hitch at Penn, has a team that offers ample opportunity to utilize his coaching talents. Pete Neyel, who served in the Big Ten after a successful career at San Francisco, has moved to **CALIFORNIA**. He has a team with Bob McKern and he has hopes.

But Johnny Wooden, a veteran of six years at **UCLA**, has the club of power and

balance. "We're expecting to get a good boost from football," a UCLA basketball man explained. "We think that winning spirit will carry us along."

OREGON STATE is probably the only team in the country with two seven-footers. Sonnie Hallmark is seven feet three inches; Phil Shaden is an even seven feet. Naturally, Oregon State is a favorite in the Pacific Coast Conference's Northern Division, as UCLA is in the South. Oregon State is not a national standard.

JOHNNY WOODEN, UCLA

Naturally named conference 100 in Southern Division last year and determined not to miss again. In his six years at UCLA his teams have won 121 games.



In the California Basketball Association, **SANTA CLARA**, with Ken Sears, shapes up as the strongest team.

For more basketball, turn the page

BASKETBALL continued

UCLA MAN Bob Ballard, 6'7", towers over Kansas State's 6'7" Joe Powell as he leaps and launches shot at basket. Ballard's shot scored and helped UCLA to victory in a game that produced riot and had Kansas State Coach Tex Winter leading blast at "philosophy" of Coast basketball.



CARL CAIN, Mike Iowa forward, drives in for a score against Loyola. Cain, a junior expected to lead Hawkeyes to Big Ten title, tallied 22 points and led his team to a triumph. "We had the big-town jitter for a while," said Iowa Coach O'Connor, "but Cain got rid of them for us in a hurry."



SOUNDTRACK

continued from page 17

The menu

THE U.S. prize-fight menu on television last week offered for public consumption one very good fight, one mediocre fight and one horrible fight. In the very good one, 22-year-old Lightweight Rookie Frankie Ryan fought ten blazing last rounds with a Cuban veteran named Orlando Zulueta, won decisively despite cuts over both eyes, and left Madison Square Garden echoing with heartfelt applause—a sound which has all but vanished from U.S. fight arenas.

In the mediocre fight, Heavyweight Charlie Norcia spent ten rounds chasing Reluctant Roland La Starra around the ring at the Cleveland Arena and flailing the air with a wonderfully ponderous overhand right. The fans dutifully sang Natana's latest song hit, "Let Me Call You Sweetheart." In the horrible fight, Welterweight Champion Johnny Saxton, the Klutchnig Kutie of the IBC, strained and wrestled through ten slow rounds at Los Angeles Olympic Auditorium with Hamon Puerres, a local boy who is almost as adept at grabbing as he. The fighters clinched 138 times by actual count. The fans not only sang "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," but stamped, booed and threw showers of paper cups from the sixth round on. When the contest was over, one gallery seat holder rose, flung a penny down into the ring and spat in dramatic disgust.

Mutiny in Kooyong

ENGLISH FOLLOWERS of American tennis has long been aware—and possibly sometimes envious—of the Hopman System (SI, Aug. 30). It is in effect, a sort of continuous boot-training period during which Harry Hopman, nonplaying captain of the Australian Davis Cup team, marches a squad of able youngsters around the world from tournament to tournament, capturing all the available cups and trophies. The success formula has been a relatively simple one: live only for tennis.

In Melbourne last week, despite what Captain Hopman says of the fine state of health enjoyed by Australian tennis (see page 30), the inevitable revolt came at last. At first it was a one-man mutiny touched off by Lew Hoad, 20, powerhouse hero of last year's Davis Cup Challenge Round. Playing in the Victorian championships, Hoad seemed a pale, ineffectual shadow of his old self. He was carried to five sets before disposing of England's Roger Becker in an early round. Next time out he had to come from behind to eliminate Sven Davidson of Sweden in another five-setter. During this latter-day match, the blond powerhouse heard a strange noise echoing around Kooyong Stadium: the sound of Australian voices jeering him for one of the worst showings of his career.

Off the court Hoad told newsmen with a frankness they could hardly

believe: "I was just fed up. I didn't care whether I won or not. I'm just tired of tennis and I get so I do not give a bang." In his scintillating match against the American champion, Vic Seixas, Hoad lost in three straight sets. Some observers thought they detected angry tears in Lew's eyes.

The revolt against the Hopman System spread rapidly. Hoad's mother, Mrs. Bonnie Hoad, told the newspapers: "Lew has not had a chance to relax since the Davis Cup last Christmas. He was under discipline during the Davis Cup and soon afterward went into the army for national service training. When he came out he went on an overseas tennis tour—still under discipline." The Melbourne paper *Truth* printed an open letter to Hopman beginning: "WAKE UP TO YOURSELF. It's because of you, Harry; because you won't let him off your agon strings; because you treat him like a child; because you make him eat, drink, drink, and live for nothing else but tennis."

Hopman took up the challenge like the experienced warrior that he is. "There's no reason for Hoad to play below his top," he replied. "But his lapses are mental and unfortunately it is difficult to overcome in championship play." Replied *Truth* hotly: "Come off it, Harry. That's a lot of hokey. He was driven into mental lapses before he went onto the court. Give the boy a break . . . let him go out at night occasionally. Let him blow his steam to the press if he wants to, instead of bottling up his story for your exclusives in the Flinders Street Flash in competitive references, the Melbourne Herald, for which Hopman reports tennis!"

At week's end the tennis world had lots to contemplate. And so had Hopman. Although Mrs. Hoad had acknowledged that she didn't really think Hopman "browbeat the boys," he was still faced with the task of getting his four-man squad in shape for the Challenge Round. He sounded confident: "It will not be so difficult in Davis Cup play, when he [Hoad] has the team captain [name: Harry Hopman] at court-side to arrest any tendency to lose concentration or interest."

Morituri te salutamus

BEYOND the major league meetings in New York this week, the man who own baseball spent a week contemplating the minor league sessions in Houston, Tex. Faced with the bitter and pressing problem basing baseball, they did just what Columbus Red Smith predicted they would do with the same bitter and pressing problem.

continued on next page



"If I had any part of all I should pay for that is no fun."

at the major league meetings. They closed their eyes and hoped it would go away.

The problem, stated simply, is this: the minor leagues are dying. Some baseball men at Houston realized this, and for a small moment there was hope that they might try to do something about it. But in accepting the fact, they seemed to feel that they had solved the problem. "The minor leagues?"—these men said, with a figurative shrug of the shoulders—"the minor leagues are doomed." That taken care of, they went back to more important things, like studying the plywood bulletin board that carried among other things the official averages of the Pennsylvania-Ontario League.

J. Alvin Gardner, for 23 years president of the Texas League before his retirement last spring, said: "Everybody's making so much of the plight of the minors, but in all the years I've been in baseball I've never seen any big years except right after the war. It's always been a fight in the minors."

It's always been a fight, Mr. Gardner, but never like this. Before, it was a fight to get people interested in baseball, instead of in movies, bingo, picnics, necking or long drives in the country. Now, people are interested in baseball, but they stay home to watch it on television. This works fine in the major leagues, because the dollar lost at the gate when a fan stays home to watch the game comes back in the form of increased TV revenue. In the minors, the fan who stays home to watch baseball on television usually watches major league baseball, and the minors don't share in the loot. The parent club, counting its money, looks irritably at the minor league franchise with its books in the red and severs connections. Another minor league town dies, another league is crippled.

When enough towns die and enough leagues are crippled, minor league baseball as we know it will no longer exist. This is a matter of great importance to men who have money invested in minor league teams. (A small voice whispers that it might almost become a matter of great importance to men who have money invested in major league teams, too; with no minor leagues, where will the major league players come from?)

At Houston the minor leagues wrestled with the problem, took it in their teeth and worried it as a dog would a bone. Frank Lawrence, angry owner of the Portsmouth, Va. team in the Piedmont League, announced that the suit he had filed against the major leagues (which held that unrestricted broadcasting and telecasting of major league games had ruined the minors) would be carried through to the end. The minor league representatives passed a measure barring commercial broadcasting and telecasting of baseball games from

stations outside a ball club's own home territory, which is anything within a 50-mile radius of the ball park. This could not become organized-baseball law unless the major leagues also approved it, which seemed highly unlikely, so the minors went a step—a very big step—farther and voted 19-14 to end the major-minor agreement, the backbone of organized baseball. Because such a step requires a three-fourths vote of approval, it failed to pass. This time.

The minor leagues tried at Houston—like children trying desperately to make a tolerantly amused parent understand that the house really is on fire—but they accomplished nothing.

The major leagues smiled and nodded, enjoyed the food and the drinks, cut up old touches, made a few major league trades, and studied the bulletin board.

Billiards: bad show

When the world is wrong, hardly to be endured," J. B. Priestley, the novelist, once wrote, "I shall return to Thurston's and there smoke a pipe among the connoisseurs of top and side." Mr. Priestley's reference was to Thurston's Academy in Leicester Square, a hallowed hall of billiards and snooker which is to British practitioners of these arts what Wimbledon is to tennis fans. Now the distressing news from London is that neither Mr. Priestley nor any other fugitive from an undesirable world may count on finding

sanctuary at Thurston's much longer. For early in the new year, the academy will be torn down by the Antislavery Association, which owns the land and needs more space for its own wretched business.



Thurston's was opened in 1801 by the firm of Thurston and Company, Ltd., which manufactures billiard tables. In the years since then, it survived a bombing in World War II and regularly drew to its tables the greatest names in British billiards. All the stories of the great matches at Thurston's could not be told within the limits of a Dublin wake. And, in the solemnity of the moment, it would be unseemly to tell more than one. Seems that one time Tom Rees perfected a new stroke and decided to try it on another artist of the cue, Melbourne Irman. Rees made two breaks (runs to you) of nearly 3,000 which means that Irman had to sit still for almost five days. During the second run of 3,000, Rees demanded that Irman be charged admission as a spectator. After an interval, the spectators laughed quietly. It was a joke, you see. Irman did not laugh, however. Simply ignored the remark and when his turn came, he got up and won the match.

Not a very good show, tearing down Thurston's.

SPECTACLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS KROFF

GLITTERING ROYAL

High-stepping parade horses, wearing \$10,000 in saddles and silver, highlight the 56th staging of the American Royal Horse Show & Livestock exhibition in Kansas City, Mo.

Around the turn of the century a trade paper, reporting on the annual livestock show held at Kansas City, Mo., favorably compared the exhibition with the British Royal Livestock show and remarked, "The American Royal is coming." The title stuck and today the American Royal has become the nation's biggest horse show—and one totally unlike any other.

This year, at the 56th American Royal there were 663 entries in the saddle, harness and jumping events, 3,800 livestock entries and several daredevil professional acts thrown in. Prize money totaled \$150,000, and 16 performances drew 138,303 spectators.

The huge crowds saw horsemanship in some of its finest moments. They were treated also to a glittering pageantry which belies the show's name as well. For the American Royal is every bit as bright as it is big, an ever-changing potpourri of color, action and thrills. High point: the showing of the Western parade horses, where each animal was decked out with an average of \$10,000 worth of saddle, silver and trappings.





GOLD CROWN PLACE of American Royal show fly with Stars and Stripes in Kansas City arena where eight-day event was held.

Spectators saw a Western show and kids' races as well as contests for saddle horses and harness ponies (above).



POLISHED MOUNT Lula Giroux, ridden by Nance DeLong of Nebraska City, was third in three-gated event.



MAJESTIC POSE is made by chestnut mare Hagglehorn and polished by maner Stag Uno in the \$2500 Mare-Riding three-gated event.



PRIDE HEREFORDS, each weighing a ton, were part of big livestock exhibition.



STAGE HOLD-UP re-enacted by the Radio Kids, a trick-riding juvenile act, was part of a two-hour show of skill and horsemanship in the Old West spirit.



STAMPEDE START was made by Radio Kids in thrilling high-speed barrel race. Children in juvenile rodeo, which was

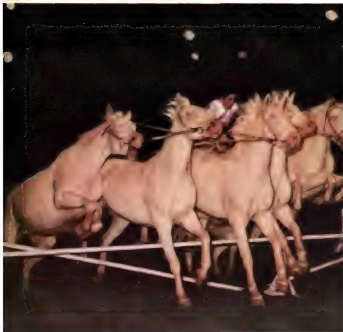
started in Independence, Mo. 13 years ago, learn fundamentals of riding and handling horses, and range from four to 16 years.

Continued on next page



OPEN-MOUTHED YOUNGSTERS gave their full attention to awesome spectacle of color, action and thrills unfolding before them at the American Royal. Their favorite act was jumping white horses (below).

FLYING ALBINOS leaped over a jump in one of show's most spectacular acts. The albinos were mounts of an all-girl white-horse troupe, here ridden backward by Elaine Krumer of Prairie du Chien, Wis.





"The Same to You...and Many of Them"

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SYDNEY'S PACKED WHITE CITY STADIUM DURING 1931 MATCHES. CAPACITY HAS BEEN UPPED THIS YEAR FROM 51,000 TO 62,000

"HOSTILE GALLERIES—HOOEY!"

The captain of Australia's Davis Cup team defends the honor of Aussie fans and predicts victory in the 1934 Challenge Round

by **HARRY HOPMAN**

AUSTRALIA will retain the Davis Cup in the Challenge Round in Sydney on Dec. 27-28 with a winning margin greater than the 3-2 victory of last year. If form holds up, as I expect it will, Australia should win three of the four singles matches and the doubles. Only Tony Trabert stands a chance to win for the Americans.

I make this prediction while allowing for a stronger team than the one that represented the U.S. last year. Trabert has recaptured the great form he held in Australia last summer, and I believe he will play as well as he did during the wonderful match he lost so narrowly to Lew Hoad at the Kook-yeung courts in Melbourne in 1933. Ham Richardson has matured. Winning the National at Forest Hills seems to have given Vin Selva confidence and Billy Talbot is a more experi-

enced captain than he was in 1933. With all these advantages, and I believe they are ones to be reckoned with, the Australians are a stronger team



HARRY HOPMAN is all smiles at 1934 grass court tournament in Orange, N.J.

than they were last year and with luck could even sweep all five Challenge Round matches.

While I am predicting things, I will stick my head out in another direction. The Australian galleries will behave themselves well, as they always do, and the American players will return to their country in far better spirits than when they left last year with Trabert threatening to tell the world of "the great difficulties under which Americans had to play in Australia."

Nothing that has happened in international tennis competition during the many years I have been associated with it has ever been more unfortunate or more unfair to the people of Australia than that incident. What Trabert said was so far from the facts that I immediately wrote to a number of friends, some of them officials, defending the

Australian galleries. But as late as September, many Americans talking with me about their 1954 Cup prospects still remarked that "our players will simply have to accustom themselves to your hostile Australian galleries!"

Hostile galleries—hokey!

Why not take the word of such U.S. Lawn Tennis Association officials as Alrick H. Mann Jr. and Dr. S. Ellsworth Davenport Jr., who after managing teams in 1932 and 1933 returned with nothing but words of praise for Australian fans? In all the years that Americans have played in Australia no such changes have ever before been made.

Americans should, I think, be told something of an incident involving Seixas in Philadelphia last July.

WORDS THAT CUT

My wife, who had played in the tournament there, attended an official dinner at which Seixas was one of the speakers. After telling his audience he could not say all he would wish about Australian galleries because of the presence of an Australian at the dinner, he launched into a bitter and far from factual account of the "harsh" treatment he and other Americans had suffered at the hands of galleries in Australia. I can tell you such talk hurts deeply. I think our Australian tennis fans are the best in the world because Australians know and love the game.

Most of the trouble, I think, began as the result of a misunderstanding. In the last game of the historic Head-Trabert struggle, with the score 5-6 against him, Trabert missed his first service and then sent down a fast second delivery so close to the line that Head, playing safe, returned the ball before he heard the lineaman's call of "fault." The call came just as the ball sped across the net for a fine backhand placement. A small section of the gallery high up in the towering stands, apparently unaware of the call, applauded Head's shot. Tony, in the excitement of the moment, misunderstood the applause and felt the expression of joy was over his double fault.

I grant that in the bitterness of the match at that point there might have been some overenthusiastic handclapping, but I felt—and so did Head—that the applause most clearly heard was for the fine backhand return he had made. But within 30 minutes of the end of the match, which came a couple of points later, Tony criticized the Koo-yong spectators in a broadcast from a Melbourne radio station. Had not Ted Schroeder, former American Davis Cup star, been on the same program, Tony

might have heaped further abuse on the gallery which had been thrilled almost as much by his fine fight as they were by Head's magnificent win.

There were no complaints 10 days later when Trabert beat Head in the finals of the South Australian championships at Adelaide. Then Head went into the army and Trabert was the outstanding favorite for the National Championships in Sydney. With Trabert teamed with Rosewall, it threatened to be an American tournament.

But the rot set in early. Trabert, eager to return home, played his way out of the singles and doubles and departed. In the quarter finals Trabert met Veteran Jack Bromwich, one of the great heroes of Australia and tennis but now past his peak. He overpowered Bromwich in the early sets 6-1, 6-1 and appeared an easy victor. But in the third set Trabert relaxed and his 35-year-old, two-handed opponent won easily on the consistency and accuracy of his shots. Again in the next set Trabert appeared to take Bromwich too lightly and the Australian gained a break-through of service for a 4-3 lead. The gallery became enthusiastic over Bromwich's unusual showing, and Trabert displayed his irritation by not making any effort as he lost the last two games. That made it two sets all.

In the last set, Trabert played hard in the opening game, but he had lost his touch and he played poorly. When he lost that game he did not try at all

for the next four, failing to use power on service and refusing to make any effort to get to drop shots. With the score 5-0, a small section of the gallery booed or passed uncomplimentary remarks that stung Trabert intently. He won the next game, but it was too late and he lost the last and the match. Very few people yet know that Bromwich offered to forfeit at 5-0 but the umpire told him to continue.

SILENT AND GALLERY

It was a most disappointed gallery. The spectators had come to see the American champion, and Trabert had failed them. Although he blamed the gallery for his poor showing, I thought they had been most patient. Looking back on Trabert's appalling performance, I am surprised they refrained for so long from showing annoyance.

Fortunately, Trabert returned to Australia this year without any chip on his shoulder and was well received by the fans in Sydney at his first appearance since the unhappy lapses. His demeanor could not have been better as he lost to Don Candy in the New South Wales Championships, and the gallery was warm and appreciative.

I think the bitterness of their disappointment had much to do with the blowup of the American players last year. They were entitled to be disappointed. When Seixas and Trabert won the doubles in the Challenge Round to

continued on next page

PENISIVE WIVES Seixas' Trabert and Dolly Ann Seixas watch game at Melbourne's Koo-yong Stadium last year. U.S.'s Billy Trabert has barred wives from this year's trip.





SOLDIER HEAD began three months' army duty after 1933 Davis Cup matches.

DAVIS CUP *continued from page 21*

give their team a 2-1 lead with two singles to be played, they did appear likely to win. At their last grass court tournament, Trabert and Selas had taken the respective scalps of Rosewall and Hood. Further, the Americans had played in the Challenge Round before. The Australians never had.

But something jammed up the works. I think there was some coincidence about it all—and that might have cost the United States the cup. Of course Dinny Pails, the Australian who coached the Americans, had done much to build up the United States team's confidence to greater heights. Not that there was any valid reason why Pails should not have been impressed by the form he saw revealed in the American practice sessions. Pails really was the right man for the Americans to use. In his opinion Australian amateur tennis had been second-rate since he turned professional, even though Australia won the cup after he had made the switch. It was Dinny who, three months before the 1933 Challenge Round, forecast an easy win for the United States and this despite the fact that he had seen the Australian players in only one tournament in the previous nine months. He will be with the United States team again this year.

Australian teams have not needed Pails for practice for several reasons. Being at home, they always have an abundance of good practice available. Further, Frank Sedgman and Ken McGregor were on hand last year and will be again this time. Finally, Dinny has always been most outspoken and

has never tried to soft-pedal his contention that he and his fellow professionals are much superior to the amateurs. His type of temperament does not suit me. I look for someone not only capable of giving the squad tough practice, but also able to play down a little if it seems that one of my team needs a little build-up of confidence.

My two-fold position as captain of various teams and as sportswriter with the Melbourne Herald has at times added to the misunderstandings that have marred play in Australia.

They have also made me a sitting shot for some of my critics. The keen competition in Australian journalism, intensified by jealousies which are unavoidable, and the fact that the majority of the writers assigned to cover tennis don't know the game and must perforce look for sidelights ("angles," as they like to call them) combine to cause hard feelings.

For too often the writers rely solely on their own imagination. If they shut it is unfair to any member of my squad. I am in a position to correct them publicly—and I do. You can well imagine how that endears me to those who like to manufacture colorful stories.

"SAVE" ORDER

Australia won the cup from the United States in 1930, and I think the strongest team to challenge since was the one in 1931. Frank Shields captained Dick Savitt, Schroeder, Selas, Trabert and Richardson. Jack Kramer was co-opted as professional coach and trainer. Immediately after the team arrived, Shields and Kramer set it the kind of training program they had learned that teams under my captaincy usually followed. The first day they all ran distances and sprints and did a number of speed, stamina and suppleness exercises. The next day, Savitt pleaded that he had never trained that way and had managed to win the Australian and Wimbledon titles by training on the court. His plea was turned down. His form went from bad to worse and, although he recovered some of his best form a month before the Challenge Round, he was out of the calculations by that time. I think "Save" was crucified that year for the sake of the Shields-Kramer theory that a net-rusher was needed to beat the champion net-rusher of that time, Sedgman. They pinned their hopes on Kramer's buddy, Schroeder, who had helped Kramer win the cup from Australia the first year after World War II, in 1948. On such little things are Davis Cups won and lost.

This year, Trabert has substantially the same team he had in 1933. Trabert and Selas are his mainstays. He has Richardson for an emergency, and Jerry Moss and Mike Green are young men seeking experience. But there are several major differences. Richardson has improved sufficiently to be regarded as a replacement in either singles or doubles. Ham is a clever player with an all-round game, and as he improves he is learning to pace his diabetes better. In all, the Americans make a strong challenge.

Australia must yet make the right selections for singles and doubles. It has often been said that the home team has an advantage because of the additional number of top players available and, therefore, the wide choice open to selectors when it comes to naming the team. In Australia's case in recent years it has done no good at all.

STUMBLING TO VICTORY

In 1931, at the first defense after the winning of the cup from the United States, Australia's selectors relied upon early-season results instead of last-minute form and named Merv Rose over McGregor for singles with Sedgman. Rose lost both singles to Schroeder and Selas—and McGregor teamed with Sedgman to win the doubles to add to Sedgman's two singles wins to give Australia the winning margin of 3-2.

In 1933 the selectors did it again, this time finding trouble in the galaxy of doubles stars available. A few hours before the vital doubles match it was announced that Hood would pair with

continued on page 23



STRAINING TRABERT cuts at ball in living match against Hartwig this summer.



The other presents will have to wait...

when he gets Bobby Jones clubs and AIR-FLITE golf balls for Christmas!

A golfer always needs new golf balls! And the perfect Christmas gift choice is a handsome box of Spalding AIR-FLITES®.

The AIR-FLITE™ cover of the AIR-FLITE makes it a brand-new, high-compression ball with maximum distance and uniformity, and amazing resistance to scuffing. Ask for new AIR-FLITES for your golfer, anywhere the Spalding line is sold.

And if you want to go really "all out," it's Spalding Bobby Jones SYNCHRO-DYNED® golf clubs—a truly wonderful Christmas present for your golfer. Here's the one gift he'll appreciate all year long, and for years to come.

Any golfer who has played these SYNCHRO-DYNED woods and irons knows they'll really improve his game.

SYNCHRO-DYNED golf clubs with the new True-Temper Rocket shafts mean a uniform "feel"—*identical in every club in a matched set.* They'll give round after round of better, more satisfying golf. And, for the real golf enthusiast, nothing beats cutting down strokes!

Any store that carries Spalding sporting goods has the new registered Bobby Jones clubs right now! Why not let them show you the Spalding way to make your husband the happiest man on the block come Christmas.

P.S. And remember, sir, if *she* plays golf . . . there is no finer gift than Spalding clubs for women. She'll love them.

SPALDING

SURPRISING

Forty-odd men visited Little Rocky Island in Lake Superior to stalk its

Rocky Islands lay quiet under a gray sky at first light. Among the smallest (two square miles) of Wisconsin's 22-island Apostle group, it nevertheless had perhaps the greatest concentration of whitetail deer in the U.S. For the 40 hunters who picked up their rifles outside Laurie Nourse's camp it was a time of great expectation. But they were in for a lot of surprises.

Rocky was stiff with more than 400 deer. The hunt—for both bucks and does—was actually staged to benefit them, for the herd was too big for the food available. At start of winter the harvested bucks averaged 92 pounds against a normal 140.

The cover was so thick that red-clad hunters could seldom see one another beyond 30 yards. Many a hunter who thought he was alone was surrounded by others—and also by deer which remained largely invisible. When someone moved noisily he was almost sure to spook a deer which would appear unexpectedly. One such was Jerry, a tame beribboned deer who showed up frequently (left) but, miraculously, was never shot at.



TAME DEER named Jerry was an added hazard. He wore a red ribbon for protection.

DEER HUNT

400-odd deer. Ready for a slaughter, they found the game had other ideas

Arthur Uhlmann, hunting for the first time, looked up from his compass as a buck, disturbed by someone, trotted up. He shot it. Two men walking drove four bucks past an astonished hunter nearby who shot at each deer as it galloped past, missing three but hitting the last one.

As the hunt progressed, the deer even avoided such mistakes, and "drives" were organized. Hunters walked abreast through the cover, trying to herd the game toward gunners posted ahead. They were only partly successful; a mass drive down a third of the island netted only three deer. On one drive when there was a light snow, tracks showed that a buck had practically cranked on its belly through 80 feet of sparse ground hardwood to escape a waiting rifleman.

Even so, Nourse's 48 hunters shot 34 deer (about half were does, less wary than bucks). Considering the hunting pressure, Rocky's deer acquitted themselves well. The total bag from the 13 Apostle Islands was 360 for some 1,100 hunters. An even better statistic: no one got hurt.



SIGN OF A BUCK. A doe trunk's partly scraped bare of bark by a deer that polished its antlers there, is studied by Hunter Mel Ellis as he searches the woods for deer.



BUCK ON A ROPE. nine-pointer shot by novice hunter Arthur Uhlmann on an almost inaccessible hill, is lowered down a dirt to shore line for removal to camp by boat.



DEER DRIVE is organized to herd the game to tip of the island. The bag: three does.



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LOSS OF A SHIRTTAIL was prize that novice hunter Arthur Uhlenhuth had to pay for killing his first deer. Here the ritual is amably performed by veteran hunter Mel Ellis.



WEIGHING OF BUCKS by Wisconsin Department of Conservation. This checking station at Bayfield also determines their age. (Therese from Madison, Wis.)

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Beach Party
Over Sea
at Ocean View
New York

John Grotz's Jamaica

Blossoms with bright, white, sandy beaches, clear blue water for swimming or fishing, and a semitropical climate that makes for year-round comfort, the islands of the Caribbean are turning into an American playground. To capture the spirit of this exciting resort area, *SL* commissioned Artist John Grotz to visit four of the most popular island areas and give an artist's impression of these former haunts of pirates, empire builders and swashbucklers. First stop on the itinerary was Jamaica in the British West Indies, where Grotz traveled by boat to a beach party (below) at Ocho Rios. Calypso singers, a bar and buffet service enlivened festivities which were climaxed by the antics of guests attempting to win a free bottle of champagne—the standing offer of the Silver Seas Hotel to anybody able to swim out to the cruiser carrying a glass of champagne on his head without spilling the contents.

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John Girth's Jamaica

continued

JAMAICA offers tourists both the trappings of modern civilization and nature in the raw. Visitors can sit on the terraces on hotel row at Montego Bay and throw pennies to the "fireboats" which pull alongside while their native crews chant the songs of *Mary Ann* or *Daphne Walrha*. The costumes of the boatmen and their fiery head-dresses supposedly go back to African Ashanti witch-doctor lore.

Vacationers looking for a less obviously artificial means of entertainment can travel on rafts poled downstream by natives on the Rio Grande river along the northeast coast. Along the shore they see native villages where the people live largely as they have always lived, with the thick jungle just a few feet beyond the settlement. The women wash clothing in the streams while little nude boys, looking like youthful fauns, stand playing Pan-like pipes at points where the river narrows and peaches thrown by the tourists can be easily retrieved.

continued on next page





John Grotto Jamaica

continued

Cricket and polo, brought over from Mother England long ago, are the dominant sports of Jamaica. The native bawlers and batters play a roaring, colorful game and willingly pose for photographs by visiting tourists. The sport of the plantation-owning aristocracy is polo, and clubs like the one at Dyas Hall, near St. Ann's, dot the island. Matches are usually held on Saturday afternoons and serve the widely scattered plantation families with an opportunity for social get-togethers as well as sport. While husbands gallop up and down the field, wives exchange gossip in the members' pavilion and native "rastas" try desperately to keep children from being trampled underfoot.





DUNE'S RIVER FALLS near St. Ann's Bay on the northern coast of Jamaica provide thrills for the adventuresome. One hundred feet high and cascading over rough, pumice-like rocks, the falls can be climbed without much danger of slipping. Before them lies the ocean; behind them the ever-present jungle.

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"A VERY FINE AND ENJOYABLE MAN"

Bob Harlow, editor of 'Golf World,' lived a lifetime for the game—and loved it

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

THE ONLY TROUBLE with the 1994 golf season was that too many of the game's finest men passed away. Bob Harlow, for one, died in mid-November at the age of 65 in Pinckney, his adopted home town. He was a first-rate man, and golf was fortunate that circumstances led him to spend almost all of his life within the game—for the last seven years as the editor of *Golf World*, a weekly magazine which no one thought would ever last out its first year and which thereupon grew steadily in circulation year by year until today its subscribers reside in every state of our country, every province in Canada, and in sixty foreign countries. *Golf World* was successful because it had the chatty, everybody-here-knows-everybody-also flavor of a home town newspaper. It had that flavor because Bob Harlow was a hopelessly friendly and compassionate man. "I always came away from him stimulated mentally by his opinions and refreshed by the honesty of his purpose," Dick Tufts, his fellow townsman, recently said of Bob. "We enjoyed a good controversy but no matter how we might disagree, I always benefited from his viewpoint and parted company more his loyal friend than ever."

SOMETHING NEW IN GOLF

Robert Elzing Harlow first became a conspicuous figure in golf in 1921 when he became Walter Hagen's manager. Thirty-two at the time, the son of a Congregational minister, he had been born in Newburyport, Mass., educated at Essex and Penn, and had gravitated into journalism first as a reporter for the wire services and then as a sportswriter for the old New York Tribune. Hagen's annual tours, with Harlow at the helm, were something entirely new in golf. Earlier tourists, like Vardon and Ray, had pretty much confined their itineraries to the well-established clubs around Chicago and up and down the Atlantic Coast. Hagen exhausted these old scenes early. Then Walter and his favorite barnstorming partner, Joe Kirkwood, roved all over the country opening up the "wilderness," the Lewis and Clark of golf with Harlow their Sacajawes, punch-

ing their spade-machines in one-day stands in the most unlikely hamlets and leaving behind them a awe and permanently aroused interest in the game. "The length of our forays depended almost solely on the condition of Hagen's wardrobe," Harlow remarked not long ago. "You couldn't get overnight laundry service and there was a limit to the number of fresh silk shorts Walter could pack."



BOB HARLOW (1921-1994)

Then they expanded their tour and spread the gospel to all the other continents. Even today, when a junketing pro visits some remote corner of the globe and thinks he is the first big-name golfer to display his wares for the edification, let us say, of the members of the Iquique Country Club, he usually discovers that the 65 he shoots is not the course record. Hagen, he learns, got around in 63 back in nineteen-twenty-four.

After nine years of roving with Hagen, Bob Harlow moved up and for the next five years served as the manager of the PGA's tournament bureau. This was hardly a more sedentary life, for what it involved, in core, was visualizing and then establishing what we

know today as "the winter circuit," the annual voluntary migration that the professional pack makes from January through April. As a result, Bob Harlow became the most widely known non-golfer in American golf. Each year, no matter where the current tournaments were being held, he had always been there before "back when you people had that yellow wooden clubhouse" and he often knew more about the rising regional stars than the local sportswriters—"Your father told me about you back when they were opening the second nine at the old Staughton course. Has he still got that farm?" Bob used to think of himself as just a veteran golf reporter, but for thousands of people he came to be the integrating force who made the old-timers and the newcomers feel thoroughly at home in the ever-enlarging world of golf. There was no one at all like him.

When all is said and done, Bob was the influence he was because of the person he was. He really never lost the spring and appetite of youth. It was hard to keep up with his pace when you played golf with him, and he was the only man who could address, take a shower, dress, call his wife, and write a postcard in something less than nine minutes. His range of appreciation in this day of sports specialists was enormous. He rarely visited New York, for example, without attending at least one opera. "Talk about Hagan!" he would enthuse. "Why, this new Italian hams. . . ." He was continually stimulating because he always spoke his mind and his mind was his own. "Now that must be a damned pleasant way to live," I remember him saying once when he was leaving a party thrown by some friends who had been born millionaires. "But, you know, I wonder if they aren't missing one of the great satisfactions of life, the kick you get from earning your own living."

Bob Harlow, in short, was a very fine and enjoyable man. It is going to be strange for thousands of us to descend on a tournament and not see him there, because in swift jangle of the tournament atmosphere you were always a little out of focus until you bumped into Bob. Then you were at home.



GOLF: Almost every golfer put golf balls on the top of his list of requests for Christmas—especially management men. Next to golf balls, golfers want special clubs: a dynamite wedge or putter. Also prized: poplin golf jackets and shooting sticks.

SHOOTING: The first choice of hunters who assembled 51's quarry were game—double-barreled over-and-under, duckguns, deer rifles. They also requested membership in American Trapping Association, hunting coats, variable-power scopes.



TENNIS: The best Christmas gift? Pauline Beta once got was a \$10 racket when she was 15. Hark Richardson wants tennis shorts; Hal Burrows a racket case. Most players would like warm-up sweaters, tennis shirts.



BOWLING: Bowlers are the easiest sportsmen to please. They want a bowling ball, a bag to carry it in, a pair of bowling shoes, old socks to bowl in. After this, they'll take a gift certificate at their favorite alley and they're set to roll.



DOGS: Dog trainers such as Mrs. John Laurie and Mrs. John Cross want dog crates and grooming tables, grooming aids and shoe leads. Mrs. Thelma Cook wants a young bird dog.



HORSES: Next best thing to a gift horse for a horseman is a picture of a horse. Other wishes: binoculars, snap matches. The Jockey Club's Raring in America (\$125).

SPORTSMEN'S SELECTION

Twenty-one books for the sports lover's Christmas list, hand-picked and annotated for SL readers by
Sara John Riccardi of the New York Public Library



Edmond H. Burke
Archery Handbook
Arco Publishing
Co.
142 pages, \$2

An inexpensive pictorial guide to a sport deservedly growing in popularity. Contains over 300 photographs showing technique, selection of equipment, bow and arrow making and many other facts. A wealth of illustrative material makes archery easier for the beginner. The hunting section should interest the advanced enthusiast.



Francis E. Park Jr.
Deer Hunting
A. S. Barnes and
Company
90 pages, \$1.75

Another in the Barnes Sports Library of inexpensive but excellent books covering fundamentals and techniques of various sports, this is written for the "city guys," or nonprofessional hunters. Highly informative regarding equipment to take and places to go. Illustrated with drawings and some photographs, and indexed.



James Ramsey
Ulman
**The Age of
Mountaineering**
J. E. Lippancott
Company
312 pages, \$6

A history of mountain climbing of the past century by the author of *The White Tower*, including every important ascent from Mont Blanc to Everest, and a chapter on the craft of mountaineering. Well illustrated and indexed, the book has an excellent reading list which should be of great value to the mountain-climbing devotee.

Illustrated with color



Grantland Rice
**The Yarnall and
the Shooting.**
My Life in Sport
A. S. Barnes and
Company
268, pages, \$5

The posthumous autobiography of a great sportswriter. The author's reminiscences carry the reader through the Golden Era of sport. There are innumerable intimate stories of famous athletes, many illustrations and a fine index. The old-timer will revel in memories; the young reader will find an enduring record of a great sports age.



Sir John Hunt
**The Conquest of
Everest**
H. P. Dutton
266 pages, \$6

The story of the thrilling climb which has captured the imagination not only of the sporting world but of all people. Every aspect of the ascent is described in this authoritative version, and the reader can follow this adventure to its climax in a day-by-day account. Contains 48 illustrations in black and white and eight in color.



Robert L. Dodd
Football
Dodd
244 pages, \$5

An analysis of the game by the head football coach at Georgia Tech. The fundamentals of offensive and defensive play are outlined together with diagrams and photographs explaining and clarifying the plays. This should prove to be a particularly useful book for the player and coach as well as for the Monday morning quarterback.



Frank G. Menke
**The Encyclopedia
of Sports**, New
and revised ed.
A. S. Barnes and
Company
1,018 pages, \$10

Comprehensive coverage of all sports. This is a newly revised edition of a standard work of reference in the sport world, written by an authority in the field. The book includes basic rules and equipment of games covered, and is crisscrossed with statistics, lists, diagrams, etc. An invaluable source of information. Well indexed.



John and Frankie
O'Hara
**The Most Tremendous
Story**
A. S. Barnes and
Company
94 pages, \$4.50

A fascinating story of the rise of the Mont Tremblant ski area in the province of Quebec, Canada. Profusely illustrated with photographs of scenes, action, etc. A valuable book for skiers, especially those who have enjoyed the facilities of this famous spot. Included is a chapter on technique—the Mont Tremblant way.



Henry Wynneman
**Dressage, A Study
of the Finest
Points of Riding**
A. S. Barnes and
Company
280 pages, \$5

Dressage, taken from the French, meaning to teach or school an animal, is a term used to indicate the advanced stage of training horses for show performance. This book is an excellent treatise on those methods and a valuable guide for the horseman. Illustrated with photographs.



Elaine T. Moore
Winning Your Span
Little, Brown and Company
124 pages, \$4.75

Here is the know-how of homeownership and showmanship—for the aspiring as well as the experienced rider. The book is beautifully illustrated with drawings by Paul Brown, eminent delineator of horses, and it contains a thorough glossary of equestrian terminology. A valuable guide for the horse show enthusiast and rider.



A. J. McIlhenny
The American Angler
Henry Holt and Company
307 pages, \$5

For the experienced fisherman and not the beginner. A foremost expert in the field tells how to catch prize-winning freshwater game fish. Contains growth-rate charts and statistics, figures based on the contests run by *Fish & Stream* magazine and photographs of the big catches and those who caught them.



John R. Bond
Sports Cars in Action
Henry Holt and Company
224 pages, \$10

A survey of sports cars by the publisher of *Road & Track*. There is a wealth of information regarding handling qualities and characteristics of 36 outstanding cars. Detailed specifications include acceleration, steering, engine, transmission, differential, chassis and performance. A deluxe book on coated paper, beautifully bound.



C. W. Anderson
The Saddlebreds
Harper & Brothers
128 pages, \$4

A book of drawings by an outstanding lithographer of horses. Twenty-four great race horses from Man of War down to Native Dancer are depicted along with their performances. The drawings are beautifully executed and the reproduction is excellent. This is a treasure not only for the sporting fan but also for the art lover.



Joel Barber
Wild Fowl Decoys
Dover Publications, Inc.
144 pages, \$5.50

A new and revised edition of an authoritative book on wild fowl decoys which will interest not only the wild fowl gunner for its chapters on how to make decoys, but also the antiquarian interested in collecting all types of decoys as a hobby. Historical background and technique are treated extensively. Generously illustrated.



Ira L. Smith
Baseball's Famous Outfielders
A. S. Barnes and Company
212 pages, \$1.50

The second volume in Ira Smith's projected series of famous ballplayers. This, like the first one on pitchers, is written in short, biographical sketches, delightfully full of human interest and little-known facts. Evidently qualified as a baseball historian, the author intends to cover all positions in separate publications.



Herbert Warren Wind, Editor
The Complete Golfer
Simon and Schuster
324 pages, \$4

An anthology of golf, including short stories, golf's history, reminiscences of great moments and great players, technique, architecture of the courses and the inevitable humor attached to the game. Cartoons by Charles Addams, E. T. Wheeler, Briggs and others. Maps of the famous courses in color. A golfer's treasure.



Frank C. Sibley
American Game Birds of Field and Forest
Sibley's
456 pages, \$12.50

Truly a definitive book on American game birds. Fifteen chapters, each treating a different bird, are ransomed with details including habits, diseases, productivity, management, etc. Illustrated with maps, diagrams and photographs on coated paper, with an extensive bibliography and index. A treasure for the hunter of game birds.



Horace Lytle
"Point!"
The Stackpole Company
232 pages, \$5

Something more than just a book on hunting dogs—in fact, the distillation of a lifetime spent with them. The author, for 24 years *Gus Dog Editor of Field & Stream*, covers nearly six decades of living and hunting, in delightful reminiscences which not only hunters but all who love animals and the outdoors will enjoy.



Ray Orington
Spinning in America
Harrisburg, Pa.
124 pages, \$5

Although spinning has been known to Europeans for years, it has only recently begun to grow in popularity in the U.S. Today, it is a recognized branch of fishing, and spinning enthusiasts are being added daily. Ray Orington, a pioneer in the field, brings to the reader detailed experience. Illustrated with numerous photographs.



James Melton
with Rex Parry
Bright Wheels
Holling
Morris Smith
128 pages, \$4.50

A parade of motor beauties of the past, from James Melton's *Antiques*, one of the finest collections of antique automobiles in the world. Beautifully illustrated with pictures of the old cars, it will delight all lovers of old automobiles and motorcar enthusiasts. A book of excellent historic value and interest.



Olus J. Murie
A Field Guide to Animal Tracks
Houghton Mifflin Co.
374 pages, \$3.75

For the nature sleuth, camper and lover of the outdoors. A guide to the animals you didn't see. Contains over 1,000 illustrations and covers all the mammals of Mexico and North and Central America. This authoritative book, one of the *Field Guide Series*, includes an excellent bibliography and index.



TOYMAKER'S TIDBITS

From mitts to MGs, there are gifts for everybody in stores this year, even bottled ships and flying saucers

THREE are new sports worlds waiting to be opened under the Christmas tree this year. Toy makers and sporting goods manufacturers have been busy; you might even call this column the What Won't They Think Of Next Department for this week.

The big news for ballplayers is that a few weeks ago a pretty revolutionary fielder's glove reached the stores. The off-trail feature of the mitt (A. G. Spalding & Bros. make it) is that it's

a flying saucer than a kite. It's \$5.75.

If you've never heard of a sport called Jakkot you have plenty of company, but it's well worth looking into.



First, it's a lazy athlete's perfect game because nobody ever has to chase a ball. Second, it can be played indoors or out. Probably the best way to describe it is to say that it's a sort of combination of Ping-pong and handball with a little squash thrown in. The official set sells for \$7.50, the Pauline Best set for \$5.95.

The Revell people, who put out all these perfect replicas of early American cars (ships and planes too) that you build yourself, have three brand-new pigs on the market now. One is the aircraft carrier Franklin D. Roosevelt and the second one is a hot-rod model. But the real eye-catcher is an ancient four-masted schooner which comes complete with a plastic bottle that snaps open down the middle so that you can put your completed masterpiece inside. Models run \$24 to \$2.98. For the sports car model (an who likes them big and fancy, there's a beauty of an MG, 15 inches long, put out by Duesse Model Toys. Cost: \$10.95.

Moving into the higher price brackets, there's a racing sled set that's different. It's called a "Sasab" and it's really a bobbed with ski runners. You can ride it lying down or sitting up, but sitting up is rated more fun because then you handle it the same way that an Olympic bobsledder handles his, steering with ropes attached to the front. It hugs the ground and is quite a thrilling downhill skid. \$19.95.

For a young hunter thinking about

going after his first deer next year, the Ideal power gun arrived this month. It's called Marlin Model 55-Hunter—a 12-gauge shotgun with a 28-inch barrel bored full choke. The unusual story about this gun is that it has been drilled and tapped at the factory so that the new Lyman 40-8M Receiver Peep Sight can be attached. Result: with slugs instead of shells, it's converted to 100% rifle accuracy—and it's the only shotgun on the market, the Marlin people say, that can make use of this new sight. It's \$29.95, plus \$3.95 for the sight. That's less than



half the cost of a regular deer rifle.

The final Christmas report is to the skin divers. A late check shows that the tried-and-true is still the best in swim masks. Abercrombie & Fitch, who are just about first on the skin-diving grapevine, say that the French



"Escale" mask at \$4.95 remains the finest watertight protection to be found. So, if a mask is on your Christmas list, this window on the underwater world is it.

—DUANE DECKER



got a hatch at the break in the palm that's supposed to make it more flexible and give the fielder sharper control of the ball. Sounds like an interesting experiment, and time will tell. It comes in two price models, the same except for the quality of the leather: \$14.50 and \$18.95.

Roller skaters, long neglected, can enjoy a new adventure at last with a dramatic departure called Rocket Skates. Instead of four steel wheels, these skates have two plastic rubber wheels. They don't make noise on the sidewalk and they don't hurt floors. Price: \$7.95.



Then, from Germany, comes the Rotaphan Jet Kite. It has a spinning plate, shaped like an umbrella. To it is attached a triangular rubber with a sort of tail assembly streaming from it, disks attached. Actually, it looks and performs more in the manner of

YOU SHOULD KNOW: if you plan to buy a Christmas camera

A valuable accessory

CAMERAS ARE AMONG the most rewarding of all accessories to American living. They chronicle family history, record memorable events and make each camera owner its own creative artist. With a camera, you can take all kinds of pictures. Snapshots, in color or black and white, and with or without flash equipment, are the universal standard. There are color slides, to be projected on a home screen, stereo slides for third-dimension shots, and, of course, the most realistic camera medium of them all—the movies.

Settling your budget

There is a camera for every budget. For snapshots, you can get a box camera for under \$10, a reflex box camera with view finder for under \$25, or a folding camera, under \$30. Color slide 35 mm. cameras can be had for less than \$35, stereo cameras under \$100 and movie cameras under \$50. Start looking in these ranges. Beyond \$100 you can go as high as you want.

Lens and shutter

With a simple snapshot camera, just aim and press the button. But "faster" lenses and shutters are worth exploring as you gain experience. Lenses are numbered in "f/stops." The smaller the f/number the "faster" the lens—meaning better results with less light. Shutter speeds are measured in fractions of a second, and all but the least expensive still-picture cameras have variable speeds which you can adjust to your needs.

Viewing and focusing

If you're buying a snapshot or 35 mm. camera, you have your choice of viewing systems—the view finder for seeing the subject at normal eye level or the reflecting type on top of the camera for viewing at waist level. Pick the one that suits you best. The focus, or adjustment of the lens for proper camera-to-subject distance, is fixed in simple cameras so everything over six feet away is sharp. Finer cameras have controls for moving the lens to get critical sharpness. To help get an exact focus, you may want an accessory range finder for an eye-level camera. Or you can buy a camera with a coupled range finder or a reflex camera which has built-in ground glass focusing.

Shooting action

Stopping fast action is no great problem if your camera lens is f/4.5 or faster and your shutter speed 1/200 of a second or faster. With prism cameras and miniatures with focal plane shutters, you can shoot fast action up close and directly in front of you. You can make good box-camera action shots by standing at a 45° angle to the action, so that the subject moves toward you rather than directly past. If you want to stop action going past you, you'll need faster shutter speeds and faster lenses. Don't worry if your action shots are blurred. The action looks more dramatic that way. If you have to shoot action from a distance, you can always have the most interesting part of the shot enlarged.

Making it easier

As is the case with most everything, ease in taking pictures costs money. In a more expensive still camera, you'll get such built-in wonders as devices to prevent double exposures, automatic film transports and the like. The better movie cameras feature film magazines that can be loaded in seconds. Still others have sound synchronization. More money will bring you a movie camera with a lens turret for telephoto, normal and wide-angle photography.

Gadgets and care

A few basic accessories will bring you added enjoyment in your picture taking. A flash attachment lets you shoot pictures indoors or at night, a case will protect your camera, filters on the lens will add dramatic effects to your shots and projectors enable you to show movies and slides. Remember, even the most inexpensive camera is well built. It will last for years if you treat it right. Avoid excessive dirt, heat or dampness, keep the lens clean with a soft cloth or tissue and have your photo dealer check it over if your camera isn't working properly.

by The Know-It-All

NEW INTEREST IN OLD COLTS

When Colt quit its Frontier Model in 1941 for lack of demand, a collecting craze began and continues hotly for the most colorful revolvers in U.S. history.

by PAUL R. WALKER

WHEN Samuel Colt patented a new kind of pistol in 1836 in England, then the hub of small-arms making (he patented it in the U.S. a year later), he gave the world the first practical pistol with a revolving cylinder—from which the word "revolver" probably sprang. The idea of revolving firearms was 200 or more years old when Colt made his first wooden model, but Colt's pistol with its single barrel and cylinder of cartridges had the simplicity and genius that makes an invention a success.



INVENTOR SAM COLT was said to have gotten the idea for his revolver from watching a ship's steering wheel revolve while he was serving as a seaman in his youth. Colt pistols are still made today in Hartford, Conn., where Colt was born in 1814.

The revolver seen in Western movies is almost always the Colt Frontier, first produced in 1873 for the Army in a .45-caliber model. Colt soon produced another in .44-40 so that cowboys could shoot the same ammunition in it that they used in their carbines. The Frontier (known also as the Peacemaker or Equalizer, since it made little men equal to big) soon became the standard of the West, though not to the extent the movies would have us believe.

In the East the Frontier retailed for \$16. In the West it was nearly as negotiable as gold dust, then worth \$16 an ounce. It couldn't be called a scarce antique—about 314,000 were made. But it belongs to several legends, including the legend of Samuel Colt, the legends of cavalry charges and cowboys and gun fighters. A secondhand Single Action, as collectors call the gun, sells for \$100 to \$250, depending on condition. It cost only \$37.50 new in 1941. Tourists search the West for them, not knowing they cost as much in Albuquerque as in New York.

These prices are nothing compared to what earlier Colts command. Patersons, the first made between 1836 and 1841, now sell for \$1,200 to \$2,000. The Walker or Whitesville Walker in first-class condition brings over more (\$2,500). These huge guns—they had nine-inch barrels and weighed four pounds nine ounces—were the biggest ever carried by our Army and the first revolver that any army used. A thousand were ordered in 1847 for the Army by a Capt. Sam Walker who was fighting in the Mexican War. These are the rarest Colts. The only known Walker in a fitted case and with accessories (bullet mold, nipple wrench and so on) recently sold for \$10,000.

There are more collectors who want Colts than there are for any other gun—maybe 10 times as many. Anyone buying or selling a Colt who is not an expert had better consult a dealer who is. James E. Servey, of Santa Ana, Calif., author of *Colt Firearms*, is such a man; so is Herb Glass of Ballville, N.Y. For one thing, there is confusion among noncollectors in telling Walkers from less valuable Dragoons. For another, well-made fakes are beginning to appear.

Perhaps the greatest tribute to Sam Colt and his incomparable Frontier Model is that two companies are now producing replicas: Sturm, Ruger & Company, of Southport, Conn., brought out its Single Six in 1963, and the Great Western Arms Corp., of Los Angeles began marketing its Great Western Frontier revolvers this year.



Courtesy, American Gun Co.

FRONTIER MODEL COLT, or Peacemaker, affectionately referred to by collectors as the Single Action, because the trigger cannot cock and fire gun in modern "double-action" style, was first produced in 1873. In .45 caliber it was the most powerful firearm issued to the U.S. Army, has been called the gun that opened up the West.



ANSON CHASE COLT, an experimental model, is considered the forerunner of the Colt line. It was made about 1831 by Chase, a toolmaker, after a design by Colt. Two Baltimore gunsmiths claimed to have made even earlier models and blamed the inventor while he was leaving the U.S. demonstrating laughing gas as "Dr. Colt."

Courtesy, American Gun Co.



PATERSON COLT, so named because it was made in Paterson, N.J., is a true piece (about 2,500 manufactured) which, depending on condition and type, now sells for \$1,200 to \$2,000. Early models like this .38 caliber hammer pistol had a folding trigger which only appeared in position when the weapon was cocked. The Paterson was Colt's first revolver.

continued on next page



Courtesy, Rockwell Museum

NAVY COLT, with octagonal barrel, ivory grips and elaborate engraving for presentation purposes, was one of a pair presented to Maj. Gen. John W. Schofield by friends on Aug. 1, 1863. The plain-rose model was sought after by arms-poor Confederate soldiers, many of whom wrote home pleadingly for a pair of captured "Marry Sins."



Courtesy, Rockwell Museum

ARMY COLT was presented by the citizens of the Territory of Arizona in 1871 to Lt. Charles Morten for bravery in fighting the Apaches. The workhorse of the Civil War, it was a forerunner of the metallic-cartridge model. Many muzzle-loading Army Colts, which were fired by percussion cap, were altered after the war to take the new cartridge.



Courtesy, Herb Olsen Collection

SINGLE ACTION FRONTIER COLT, gold plated and engraved, with mother-of-pearl grips, gold steer horns and topaz eyes, was fanned up by a custom gunsmith, is valued at about \$400. The plain Frontier Model, costing \$23.50, was discontinued by Colt in 1841. Some Western sheriffs and state troopers still carry these pistols.



BABY DRAGON COLT, with box of percussion caps (which fired paper cartridges when these were used) and powder flask, was made in 1848. It was a pocket pistol much favored by civilians. The gun is inscribed "California, 1851," was no doubt carried during the gold rush. Miners liked the pistol because it was light and compact.

Illustration from Oliver Winchester



WHITNEYVILLE WALKER COLT was made in Whitneyville, Conn., by Eli Whitney Jr. (son of the cotton-gin inventor) for Colt, then without a factory. Colt got a War Department order in 1847 for 1,000 pistols from Capt. Sam Walker who was fighting in the Mexican War and died later that year. Only about 160 Walkers have been found.

Courtesy, Colt Museum



DRAGON COLT, inlaid with gold, is an elaborate presentation model, valued at about \$5,000. The plain-model Dragon (average value \$250) is often confused with the more valuable Walker, weighs 4 pounds 2 ounces, whereas the Walker weighs 7 ounces more. Dragons also have 7½-inch and 8-inch barrels, Walkers 8-inch.

continued on next page

Courtesy, Colt Museum



Courtesy, Wolf Point Museum

FRONTIER MODEL COLT, No. 323668, with deluxe engraving, ivory grips and silver plating, was General George S. Patton Jr.'s personal side-arm in World Wars I and II (he bought it in 1916 when a second lieutenant and carried it until his death). Like shooters before and after him, Patton favored the Frontier's fine balance and hard-hitting ability.



© Courtesy Sturm, Ruger & Co., Inc.

STURM, RUGER SINGLE SIX revolver was first genuine Coltlike gun to appear after the discontinuance of the Frontier Model. A .22 selling for \$64.25, it closely resembles the Frontier but offers certain mechanical improvements. The company is now tooling up to produce the Single Six revolver in .38 Special and .44 Special calibers.



© Courtesy, Colt Manufacturing Company, Inc.

GREAT WESTERN FRONTIER revolver first appeared in 1954, comes in three barrel lengths, in .22, .38 Special, .357. Accompanying company innovation employing a longer cartridge than the .357 Magnum's, .44 Special and .45 Long Colt calibers. Prices range from \$84.50 to \$125 for plain factory models. Gun shown in .44 Special caliber.

SKIING IN EUROPE

The great continental resorts, with millions invested in new uphill facilities, have added scores of new trails to ski areas already established as the finest in the world

by SIR ARNOLD LUNN

In prehistoric ski times—1898 to be precise—when I first took to the sport, there were few ski resorts as such in Europe, and one skied up as well as down. During my first 10 seasons, I climbed every foot that I ran down, and when snow conditions were good, I might enjoy anything from 2,000-4,000 feet of downhill running in a day. In recent years, by contrast, my son Peter has packed more than 35,000 feet of skiing into one day at Kitzbühel, and his aged father, in spite of his 62 years and game leg, managed 30,000 feet during a day in 1961 at Gstaad.

The difference has come from the fantastic number of ski lifts built during the past 30 years. Skiing actually came into the Alps from Scandinavia in the 90's; and the winter sports vogue really dates from the opening of Adelsboden as a winter resort in 1902-03. Today the skier visiting Europe has a choice of about two hundred skiing centers in three great areas—Scandinavia, the Alps, and the Pyrenees—and there are no American skiers who do not cherish the ambition to try the famous Alpine runs.

To begin with, Europe is cheaper than America. Naturally it costs a great deal more for a skier on the East Coast to reach St. Moritz, than it does Sun Valley or Aspen. If, however, the skiing holiday lasts more than three and a half weeks, the total cost, including the journey, is about the same for an

Aspen or an Alpine holiday. If it lasts even longer, the Alps is the more economical proposition, since hotels and ski lifts are half as expensive as in America (see here), and ski teachers about a third as expensive.

Americans inevitably concentrate at the famous centers, for most of the visitors have only this, or one other, chance in a lifetime to visit the Alps. So it is natural that they head for St. Moritz, Kitzbühel, Davos, Zermatt or Chamonix, rather than such charming but less-publicized spots as Lesnerheide, Adelsboden or Villars.

SWANK AND SOFT SNOW

Switzerland, of course, has been the traditional capital of winter sports. And for reasons of tradition and pure swank, St. Moritz is still the skiing capital of Switzerland. The hotels there are world famous, and although the cost may run a bit high, the comforts are vast and the ski runs are excellent. This season, moreover, St. Moritz has erected a new cable-car lift, reaching up to the 10,800-foot Piz Nair, opening some opportunities for skiing on the high slopes and prolonging the St. Moritz season well into May.

Those who want the maximum of ski lifts and the largest variety of runs will probably gravitate to the Parmén, or Gstaad in the Bernese Oberland. Always a fine center, Gstaad has recently improved its facilities. The quaint sleigh funicular to the Eggli has been replaced with a cable car. And upward from the Eggli terminal, a new ski lift leads to Stand at 4,000 feet, starting point for a cluster of new trails.

SKI-RAIDER André Moritz of France barrels close to edge of Alpine gorge during meet at Mürren in Switzerland.

Turn page for ski map of the Alps. Text continued on page 66

FRANCE

SWITZERLAND

● FREIBURG

MORZINE

CHAMONIX

MEGEVY

VAL D'ISERE

PRALOGNAN

VALLOIRE

SESTRIERE

MUERREN

GRINGELWALD

ENGELBERG

ZERMATT

CERVINIA

ITALY



Mountain R.R.



Cable Car



Chairlift



Chairlift



GERMANY

AUSTRIA

OBERSTDORF

GERMICH-PARTENKIRCHEN

KITZBUHEL

ST. ANTON

IGLS

ZELL AM SEE

DAVOS
PLATSCH

OBERGURGEL

BADGAISEN

ST. MORITZ

ORTLES

CORTINA

MADONNA DI
CAMPIGLIO

SKI MAP OF THE ALPS

- FAVORITE RESORTS
- OTHER TOP SKI AREAS

SKI TOUR OF EUROPE

SWITZERLAND

Major resorts: St. Moritz, Paroson, Gstaad, Mürren, Grindelwald, Zermatt, Engelberg.

Cost of ski week: \$50 for young and strong, \$75 with more comforts.

Airline packages: St. Moritz 12 days \$713 (Sabena), 10 days \$646 (Swissair); Davos-Paroson 6 days, Zermatt 6 days \$636 (Swissair); Zermatt 14 days \$835 (KLM), 12 days \$691 (Sabena), 10 days \$646 (Swissair); Davos 10 days \$694 (Swissair); Grindelwald 12 days \$666 (Sabena), 10 days \$631 (Swissair).

Major competitive events: International Ladies' Ski Race, Grindelwald, Jan. 5-8; 23th International Lumbermen Race, Wengen, Jan. 8-9; International Inferno, Mürren, Feb. 27; Paroson Derby, Davos, March 6; 20th Arberg Kandahar, Mürren, March 11-12; Gorengrat Derby and Blackard Downhill, Zermatt, March 18-20.

AUSTRIA

Major resorts: St. Anton, Kitzbühel, Igls, Obertauern, Badgastein, Zell am See.

Cost of ski week: \$35 for bare essentials, \$70 with hotel services.

Airline packages: Kitzbühel 12 days \$635 (Swissair, Scandinavian), \$621 (Sabena); St. Anton 12 days \$625 (Scandinavian); Badgastein 12 days \$625 (Scandinavian); Zell am See 12 days \$595 (Sabena).

Major competitive events: Austrian Championships, Semmering, Jan. 30-Feb. 6; International Junior Competitions, Innsbruck, Feb. 12-13; International Alpine Competition, Igls, Feb. 20; Voralberg International Giant Slalom, Zars, April 2-3.

GERMANY

Major resorts: Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Oberstdorf, Freiburg.

Cost of ski week: \$45 at small inns, \$60 for hotel and extras.

Airline packages: Garmisch-Partenkirchen 12 days \$665 (Sabena).

Major competitive events: German Championships, Berchtesgaden, Feb. 17-23; Ski Flying, Oberstdorf, Feb. 25-27; International Wallberg Race, Lake Tegern, Feb. 28-29.

FRANCE

Major resorts: Chamonix, Val d'Isère, Megève, Morins, Pralognan, Valloire.

Cost of ski week: \$36 in pension, \$70 for two-star hotel.

Airline packages: Extensions of Swissair, Scandinavian tours.

Major competitive events: Leviander's Championships, Val d'Isère, Jan. 13-14; International Mont-Blanc Week, Megève, St. Gervais, and Les Contamines, Jan. 19-23; French Championships, La Clusaz, March 3-4; International Slalom, Moribet, March 26-27.

ITALY

Major resorts: Sestriere, Cortina, Cervinia, Madonna di Campiglio, Orsina.

Cost of ski week: \$40 for essentials, \$70 with hotel services.

Airline packages: Sestriere or Cervinia 10 days \$691 (KLM); Cortina 10 days \$696 (Sabena).

Major competitive events: Italian Championships, Cortina, in Feb., day not set; International Jumping Competition, Cortina, Feb. 13; Coppa delle Tre Funtive, Sestriere, Feb. 20-21.

NORWAY

Major resorts: Lillehammer, Norefjell, Fefor, Gellu.

Cost of ski week: \$15 at mountain lodges, \$30 medium price hotels.

Airline packages: Norefjell 5 days, Fefor 5 days, plus 5 days at Are, Sweden \$613 (Scandinavian).

Major competitive events: Holmenkollen Week, Oslo, Feb. 27-March 6; Norwegian Championships, jumping and cross country, Voss, Feb. 17-20, downhill and slalom, Oppdal, March 18-20.

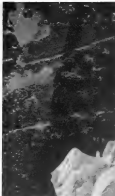
SPAIN

Major resorts: La Molina, Navacerrada, Neria.

Cost of ski week: \$30 small inns, \$35 for best hotels.

Airline packages: none. Airround trip, N.Y.-Madrid \$706 (Air France).

Major competitive events: 1956.



A TRIO OF SKI PATROLMEN, KEEPING IN CLOSE

SKIING IN EUROPE *continued from page 57*

The Upper Engadine and the Scheldog region also offer a bewildering variety of trails especially attractive to those who prefer touring through unbroken snow to the slalom-hang descent of a parked trail.

For the racer and fast trail skier, Mürren is probably the best choice. On Feb. 27 some of Europe's finest competitive skiers will be there for the Inferno race, and on March 11-12 the Arberg Kandahar, oldest of the open downhill and slalom meets, will have its 20th running. The trails, though on the short side, are exciting; and Mürren shares with Andermatt and Engelberg the reputation of being the best spot in the Alps for continuously favorable snow conditions.

Kitzbühel in the Austrian Tyrol ranks beside the Paroson for variety of lifts and tours. The Austrian resort has 56 downhill runs, extensive practice areas, and a network of interlocking transport facilities including three cable railways, two chair lifts and five Alpine tows. In addition a new, two-stage chair lift to the Kitzbühel Horn is under construction.

The tremendous expansion of the facilities at Kitzbühel is typical of the whole of Austria. Before the war, there were only 12 cable and cog railways and three ski lifts in all of Austria. Today Austria has 235 chair lifts and tows, and 55 cable cars and cog-wheel



FILE AGAINST THE CHANCE OF A MISTEP, CAUTIOUSLY PICK THEIR WAY ALONG THE GLAZING ICE OF A GLACIER HIGH UP IN THE ALPS

railways, with 20 of the lifts and three of the cable cars built just during the past year.

Besides improving ski opportunities for the visitor, the availability of lifts has been one of the factors in establishing the supremacy of the Austrian downhill races. The best of these—minus world champion Christian Pravda, who is now in Sun Valley as an instructor—will be present for the Austrian nationals Jan. 30–Feb. 6 at Semmering. And the future champions will perform in the FIS junior meet at Innsbruck, Feb. 12–13 (see box).

In addition, Austria still clings to its reputation as the cheapest of the five Alpine countries. The journey, of course, is more expensive; and now Austrian prices are being affected by the lifting of travel restrictions on Germany and the attendant mass exodus of Germans who have been suffering a kind of national claustrophobia.

BARGAINS IN BAVARIA

The movement of native skiers out of Germany has created a serious situation for that country's resort owners, who have had to lower their prices to keep people at home. Though there may not be happy times for German innkeepers, the moment was never better for a ski visit to either the Alpine areas at Garmisch-Partenkirchen and Oberstdorf, or the hills of the Black Forest. Last season an overnight stay with full pension cost as little as \$5.

This season the rates promise to be even more attractive. Incidentally, anyone picking Oberstdorf would do well to plan his visit around the weekend of Feb. 25–27, the date set for the thrilling jumping championships—called ski flying because of the tremendous distances possible (up to 450 feet) from the tower's long take-off run.

Italy and France, in spite of some superb opportunities for skiing, do not seem to draw as many Americans as their Alpine neighbors. Last season about 7,000 Americans skied in Italy. The figure in France was a mere 4,500. However, the American in search of good European skiing can certainly find it at the downhill runs of Megève and Alpe d'Huez, and on the magnificent terrain of the Mont-Blanc range, where a practiced tourer may travel for miles without removing his skis.

Italy is still following a policy of encouraging native skiers rather than foreigners. While the tourist trade has not been ignored, most of the emphasis has been on improving roads from the major cities to the existing resorts, rather than on the creation of new ski areas. At Sestriere, for example, where climatic conditions create some of the most luxurious snow fields in Italy, there were only 1,808 non-Italian skiers during the peak months of January and February. While at the same resort some 69,000 native excursionists come to the slopes for winter weekends.

Far less crowded and perhaps more appealing for that reason is Cervinia, one of the loveliest places in all Italy. There you may ski right up under the Matterhorn or take the chair lift up to the Theodule Pass, where you look out on the valley of Zermatt and across to the distant Bernese Oberland. This year a new chair lift is being built up to the Breuiljoch to simplify the descent from Theodule to Zermatt.

SARAGENS IN THE PASSES

In discussing the lure of the Alps, one must also consider the aesthetic and historic appeal. I have seen the mountains of many ranges, but I have seen nothing to match the three greatest Alpine views—the Oberland from the Matterhorn above Wengen and Grindelwald, the Matterhorns from the Riffelalp above Zermatt, and Mont-Blanc from the Brévent above Chamonix. A few weeks ago I spent an afternoon at the top of a ski lift above Montana-Cross, overlooking the Rhone valley. I could see the roofs of Martigny—the *Cetodurum* of Roman times—where the legions were routed by the Seduni. And across the valley I could see the lone line of the Valaisian Alps, where the Saragens for many years occupied the lofty passes as bases for marauding raids onto the plains.

But there are those who protest that the Alps, for all their history and beauty, have become too civilized. For these adventurers, Norway and

text continued on page 68



JOSTLING MOB of cross-country racers, scarcely only small segment of 130 entrants, jockey for position just after start of Skikloster trek beginning at Siles, Sweden.

SKIING IN EUROPE (continued from page 61)

Sweden offer the most exciting possibilities. Until the Kandahar revolution (i.e., the trend toward downhill and slalom) reached Scandinavia, the Norwegians and Swedes despised ski lifts and enjoyed nothing better than long cross-country tours. Today modern lift facilities have been built at the principal centers—Åre and Storlien in Sweden, Lillehammer, Feser, Galle, and Oslo in Norway—as that the lifting need no longer feel neglected in these countries. Oslo, in addition, is the home ground for the most famous of all ski meets, the Holmenkollen week, scheduled this year for Feb. 23-March 6, and in itself worth the trip. Actually the first postwar Holmenkollen was in many ways the most moving ski meeting which I have ever attended. I shall never forget the welcome to the King from the crowd of more than 100,000 that blackened the hills around the famous jump.

UNDER THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Despite the new lifts and the spectacle of the Holmenkollen, Scandinavia is still primarily for the skier who prefers exploring to trail running. Literally thousands of square miles are available for cross-country tours, and a particularly fascinating adventure awaits the ski explorer in Lapland and the Jotunheim. There are not many days I have enjoyed more than one that began at Fieser and ended after crossing a steep pass on the frozen waters of the Hardanger Fjord. And if I could live my life again, I would make

every effort to enjoy the unique experience of linking Christiania swings beneath the light of the midnight sun in Lapland.

No matter how strong the lust for adventure, the traveler should be warned that there is precious little warmth in the midnight sun, and Scandinavia in March is no warmer than Switzerland in December. Norway's spring months provide delightful weather with plenty of sun; but a strong ski wanderlust may not subordinate itself to such a drawn-out visit.

There is a great new area opening on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, offering generous portions of the winter sun that are missing in Scandinavia, and new grounds for the refugee from the civilized Alps. Lift conditions are still primitive, but recent improvements lured an estimated 10,000 skiers into the Pyrenees last winter. At La Molina, there is a new chair lift and a rope tow, and bulldozers are going ahead with a cable car that will stretch to the top of the mountain.

Navacerrada in the Guadarrama Mountains, only an hour by car from Madrid, has several good hotels, two ski lifts and three long runs. But perhaps the most intriguing of the Spanish resorts is Naria, where a skier in search of lodgings must choose between the Monastery of Nuestra Señora de Naria, and a tiny inn down on the valley floor.

If the wanderlust that would take the skier to Spain or Scandinavia is restricted by time or by a desire to stay in the Alps, he need only climb to the glaciers of the high Alps for the

first adventure of all. There the snow never melts, the season extends as long as the skier's leisure time, and he has the entire range to choose from.

Those who prefer to explore in comparative comfort may gravitate to the Oberland, where a skier can breakfast at Wengen, take the train to the Jungfrauoch (11,000 feet above the sea), cross the Lötchenkücke, ski down the Lötchen valley and return to Wengen that same evening. When I crossed the Lötchenkücke on January 4, 1966 there was no Jungfrau railway, and for twelve long hours we toiled up to the tantalizing curve of a pass along between the peaks. Finally we reached our objective and looked down through an opening in the rocks to the tranquil levelness of the rivers of ice, which meet at the Concordia, radiant in all the glory of the Alpine moon. To this day, I never see the winter moon turning through our English skies without a nostalgic sigh for those Alpine glaciers which seem less to reflect the moon than to radiate their own serene, unearthly light.

HIGH ALPS IN MAY

May and June are the ideal months for glacier skiing. In winter the snow is often ruined by wind; but the hot sun of the late spring superficially softens the crust of the glacial snow, leaving an ideal skiing surface.

The Alps are never levelier than in May and the contrasts never sharper between the glaciers and the valleys. In January the dry powdery snow of winter is whipped off the ridges by the first strong wind, but the wet snow of May clings so that the peaks seem far whiter. In May you will tell for hours up some glacier causerway where the snow burns like Sahara sands and then suddenly reach a cleft in the rocks, a magic window opening out onto the miracle of the green valleys.

This, to me, is the ultimate in skiing pleasure, for when April comes I am tired of the winter and few sounds are pleasanter in my ears than the first tentative notes of the glacier river, too long muted by the frost, tuning up for the great chorus of spring. I love to escape from winter at the Scheidegg, ski slowly down to Grindelwald and then stroll for an hour along the southern slope of the valley where the first vanguard of spring flowers proclaim the resurrection of color. The first cluster of marsh marigolds on some scanty plot of marsh ground near a stream, just liberated from the snow, have a more poignant appeal than all the prodigal levelness of June. (EJG)

Hartwig. They had played together only once, in a trial match 10 days earlier, while Australia had Hoad-Rosewall and Rose-Hartwig, both rated above Seixas-Trabert at the top of the doubles tree in world tennis.

As the 1954 matches approach, Hoad is no problem regardless of what is said in the press. Rosewall is a harder quantity to gauge. Generally, he has been no match for Trabert, his lack of pace on service putting him at a tremendous disadvantage against Trabert's ability to advance to the net. But Rosewall has lost only once to Seixas, while beating him six times.

TRIBUTY CHOICES

Hartwig is equally enigmatic. Never the favorite in a big international tournament, he is "the man most feared" by those who are expected to reach the final. He has the finest assortment of strokes in the game today, but his temperament is unreliable. Seixas has the edge on Rex, but Hartwig has beaten Trabert decisively in the last two meetings. Picking the right man to share singles with Hoad is almost impossible.

Rose, 1954 Australian National singles champion, always has a strong band of supporters ever eager to claim he is crucified by selectors—and by me—when he fails to gain a place in the Australian Davis Cup singles line-up. Early this season, Paoli entitled "Rookie's" virtues in the press, finding practically all else wrong with Australian tennis. But Rose will need a lot of unexpected support to be chosen for singles. The memory of his failures

against Seixas and Ted Schroeder in the Challenge Round of 1951 is strong evidence against him and there were matches overseas in 1954 when his strong left arm suddenly lost its potency at critical stages.

In doubles, Rose and Hartwig, winners at Wimbledon this year, have heavy claim to playing the Davis Cup, especially as they defeated Seixas-Trabert convincingly in the Wimbledon final. But the Sydney "twins"—Rosewall and Hoad—have also performed well. Our doubles pair will probably be the combination in best form at the time. There is little between them.

I see the outcome this way. Hoad will again defeat both Trabert and Seixas, and Rosewall will beat Seixas. At the same time I certainly don't concede the Rosewall-Trabert encounter. It is generally agreed that in 1953 Trabert played brilliantly and Rosewall had nerves on opening day.

That is not such a wide margin that it could not be reversed, but I cannot see Seixas winning one of his singles. I see the singles going Australia's way 3-1, but at the very worst 2-1 and with the possibility of 4-4. Trabert and Seixas won the doubles last year—but what a start Australia's selectors give them! I say without hesitation that this year, having two of the three world's best doubles combinations on our side, the odds are Australia's way for that often vital match.

It all adds up to an Australian win. The United States will be sending a team out to challenge us in 1955! Why not? (C.R.)

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DECORATIVE DAVIS CUP sparkles brightly in Australian van following successful defense last year by Aussies (from left) Hartwig, Hoad, Hoad, Rosewall and Rose.

HARVARD VS. YALE 10 TIMES

These traditional rivals have de-emphasized football but now play more than ever as their intramural programs contribute to a day of ten games

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VICKER REED



EQUIPMENT MANAGER Jim Kuntz at Harvard (right) tends 1977 action ready for early the plants. There are an additional 1977 equipment on the ground, foot-



BEER GUZZLER John Bulch, a fullback on Yale's Branford College team, forgets defeat by Harvard's Divinity House, slugging in Dixie Field House after game.

Old Yalies and Harvards who can remember when their schools supplied Walter Camp with most of his All-America material sometimes lament their decline from gridiron glory, and the fact that de-emphasis at both schools seems here to stay.

Nonetheless, under de-emphasis, Yale and Harvard now have more football than ever. Both have thriving intramural programs. Coasted by graduate students who were once varsity players, the intramural squads play all fall, using equipment supplied by the athletic departments.

To cap the 1984 season the two schools met at Cambridge for ten games of football the day before the traditional big game. Eight Harvard house squads played eight Yale colleges and the fresh and J.V. teams met also. When the last whistle had blown more than 500 students could boast of defending the honor of alma mater.



MOO-SWEARED Henry Atterbury of the losing Branford team trudges off field.



HARVARD'S GAMES: 21 YALE'S GAYTHORP: 0



HARVARD FROST: 0 YALE FROST: 21



HARVARD'S DUNSTER: 7 YALE'S BRANFORD: 0



HARVARD'S ELIST: 0 YALE'S JONATHAN EDWARDS: 0



HARVARD'S LEMBERT: 7 YALE'S TIMOTHY DWIGHT: 0



HARVARD'S LEMELL: 0 YALE'S PERKINS: 0



HARVARD'S RICKLAND: 0 YALE'S CALHOUN: 0



HARVARD'S AY: 7 YALE'S AY: 0



HARVARD'S DUDLEY: 0 YALE'S SILLIMAN: 7



HARVARD'S WINTHROP: 7 YALE'S GAYTHORP: 0

Transistor and Digital Computer Techniques

Digital computers similar to the integrated *Hughes* computer for control computers are being applied by the *General Systems Department* to the information processing and computing functions of large general radar weapons control systems.

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BOWLING

STROHS WALTZ

The team captained by Buzz Fazio (right) again has established its alley mastery

by VICTOR KALMAN



DETROIT

THE KINDEST thing to be said about the roll-off for the U.S. team championship is that it ended last Sunday. The mighty Stroh Beers bowled below their average, yet won the 24-game match by a record margin of 1,385 pins. At precisely midnight the Malbach Furniture "men of destiny" boarded their chartered bus and returned to Akron and the obscurity from which they had rocketed so spectacularly in the October elimination tournament.

The result was a foregone conclusion even before the teams came to Detroit for the final 12 games of the home-and-home match. The weekend before, with Tony Lindemann and Captain Buzz Fazio showing the way, the Strohs took a 493-pin lead at the Malbach's Akron Recreation Center lanes. Still, the Malbach rosters clung to the memory of that last frame of the eliminations at Toledo, when anchorman Clyde Potter got the strike he needed to put the dark-horse team into the finals (81, Oct. 18). And they came to Detroit by bus, hopes soaring for another miracle.

At that, one of their men provided the only thrill of the match. In the last of the eight three-game blocks, No. 8 man Ray Browning, a pleasant-faced six-footer with a Jimmy Stewart smile, rolled 10 strikes in a row. As he rolled the 11th ball his petite, dark-haired wife, sitting directly behind him, buried her face in her hands. When a roar went up from the crowd, she peeked through her fingers—and burst into bitter tears. For the No. 4 pin was left standing by the high pocket hit. Browning's 389 was high single game.

It was not nearly enough, however, to keep the contest from becoming a rout. Chunky, dark-skinned Fazio, 48-year-old grandfather who earns his livelihood as a bowling instructor; thin, anemic-looking Lindemann, 35, an architectural draftsman who appears too fragile to lift a ball, yet is one of the game's great stylists; and dark, heavy-set Ed Lubanski, 25, who gave up a promising career as a baseball pitcher to join the Strohs, poured in

strikes after strikes to make the final score: Stroh, 24,658; Malbach, 23,263. It shattered the record set by the Meister Brau of Chicago, who swept the Philly Cigars of Philadelphia by 1,219 pins in 1947.

If there was any lingering doubt that Detroit is headquarters for star teams, the Strohs dispelled it. This was the team's third consecutive championship with Fazio at the helm and its ninth in 13 appearances in the finals (all-time great Joe Norris of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., now with the Hamm Beers of Chicago, led Stroh to six titles). Of the 31 championship matches sponsored by the Bowling Proprietors Association of America, at least one Detroit team rolled in 26—and on five occasions both finalists were from this city.

Just for the record, Fazio was high man with an average of 209-14. Lindemann had 208-10. Lubanski, in and out at Akron, posted 221-8 in the Detroit series. Pete Carter, 42-year-old Brunswick salesman who became the father of a baby girl during the match; Lee Jeughard, 33, suspected Michigan distributor for American Machine & Foundry bowling products; and big Tom Hennessy, 38, a Stroh employee, also pitched in with high series.

Ed Markulis was tops for Malbach with 199-12, while Potter proved a disappointment with 199-19. The hapless Obamas won only six of the 24 games and lost all eight blocks. Well, it was fun being in the limelight, if only briefly, and at least they have the consolation of knowing they were defeated by the country's best.

The team contest was the first of six top-notch attractions sponsored by the B.P.A.A. Howard Sobashaw, executive secretary, and Sylvester Sobanski, tournament manager, will complete details this week for the All-Star men's and women's championships Jan. 14-21 in Chicago. Then there will be the women's doubles championships in February, the first All-Star duckpin finals in March, the men's doubles in April and the team handicap sweepstakes from May 7 through 15-6 June.

FOOTBALL

HUNCHED OVER

Having averaged .327 for the season, Prophet Hickman takes a modest bow

by HERMAN HICKMAN



WHAT kind of a year was it for Hickman's Hunches? Here are the hot mathematical facts: 181 right, 58 wrong and 9 ties, for a batting average of .737—not including ties. The results of Saturday, November 27, and Thanksgiving Day were 18 rights and 6 wrongs. Humble Herman, modestly speaking, doesn't believe that any expert has a better record. My definition for an expert is a local boy away from home.

BUCKETS SURPRISE

The three most disappointing teams to me were Illinois, Alabama and Texas—in just about that order. Form reversals were a dime a dozen from the first day of the season until the end, but three teams withstood all the ravages of time, tide and T's, split or otherwise: UCLA, Oklahoma and Ohio State. Behind the solid coaching of Woody Hayes, the Buckeyes moved down all opposition to win the Big Ten title. Ohio State was essentially a fourth-quarter team—a trade-mark to be proud of. Oklahoma moved machine-like through its schedule. The Sooners were picked to win the Big Seven title—which they have won with monotonous regularity the past seven seasons—and probably go undefeated. They did both with ease.

The Bruins of UCLA may have been the best pure single-wing team in several years. Dismissing blockers, men in motion, and "the multiple offense," they operated from a plain single wing, left or right, with a balanced line. Perfection of detail was the keynote, both on offense and defense. Expressed numerically: UCLA, 587 points; opponents, 46. I picked UCLA to win the Pacific Coast Conference title and USC to play in the Rose Bowl. The Bruins did and the Trojans are. Most of the "experts" went for California or Oregon.

Let's see how my other preseason predictions stood up. I picked Duke and Maryland as the best in the Atlantic Coast Conference and they were. The Blue Devils, outside of the two thrashings given them by Army and

Navy, were a good football team. They play Nebraska in the Orange Bowl. Mighty Maryland was disappointing to many. The Terrapins lost two games—7-12 to UCLA, 7-9 to Miami—and had an inescapable tie with Wake Forest. Still, I am not certain but what they might have been one of the best three or four teams in the country at the close of the season. Red Sanders thinks so, and ask Don Fueroi at Missouri (Maryland, 74; Missouri, 13). On the nose, too, were West Virginia and Va. Tech to finish one-two in the Southern Conference and Mississippi to win the SEC championship. I picked Yale to be the best in the Ivy group. Cornell lost its first four and then won its last five to tie for the lead. I picked Rice to be the runner-up in the SWC (the Owl tied for third with Baylor) and Texas Tech to win the Border Conference. I missed in the Missouri Valley Conference when Wichita won it. As noted, Ohio State fooled me and I underrated Michigan's sophomores. Wisconsin and Iowa held up strong, while my dark horse, Minnesota, ended up with only two losses. I thought Illinois would defeat Ohio State. Score: Illinois, 7; Ohio State, 40. Don't think I haven't heard from that one.

OPEN SEASON NOW

Notre Dame might not have been as sensational as the previous edition, but Terry Brennan can well be proud of his first year of what promises to be a memorable coaching career. Other coaching wreaths should go to among Blanton Collier at the University of Kentucky and Bowden Wyatt, whose amazing Arkansas team won the undisputed championship of the South-west Conference.

The regular season is history but the big Bowl games are still coming and Hickman's Hunches will try to maintain that .327 percentage. How does that little ditty go:

O'er the stadiums snowfalls hover,
Losing coaches run for cover,
Never got around to winning,
Open season just beginning.

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SNOW PATROL

CO—new snow; GB—grander; PO—powder;
EC—big conditions; HP—hard-packed snow; W—
wet; NS—hard base; SS—soft base; NS—new
snow; DC—drivable crust; SS—new spots;
CL—fall in slope closed; DC—dangerous con-
dition; EC—excellent road.

OVERALL SNOWING INDEX BY DATE

A late roundup of snow conditions in America from a picked group of local skiers.

COMPILED BY BILL WALLACE

Most ski areas are still looking for more snow, although there are some exceptions. Spot snowfalls blessed southern Vermont and New Hampshire. In the West, Reno and Alta are big deep in powder but for most of the others, the season has already started.

NEW ENGLAND; NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J.: Early opening in history last weekend started the seasonal surge. 2 PO surface on 18-15 HP brought out record crowds with 2,500 skiers on the slopes last Sunday, and plenty of good snow for all. Only drawback—waiting time on lifts is maximum of 25 minutes, unusual for this high-capacity area. Continued below-freezing daytime temps. Will maintain the snow cover.

VERMONT, N.H.: Opening date set Dec. 18 but early birds worked way on Mt. Mansfield T-bar last weekend. 15 PO maximum at bottom, 24 on top. Continues fair-weather with best on 10th so far on venerable T-bur Road, Tynd and Standard.

MASSACHUSETTS, N.H.: 5 NS on 25-28 old, good, but clear 15th will not open until Dec. 18.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, N.H.: Skimobile opened last Sunday. Closed on upper part with 6 packed NS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, N.H.: 24 PO so far but 10 more inches are needed before T-bar will operate.

VERMONT, N.H.: 3 PO on 12-24, good-excellent. Everything open this weekend and daily operations begin Dec. 17.

NEW YORK, N.Y.: Adirondack Area put out an advance snow report last 2,000 skiers came last weekend anyway. 2-4 packed PO and temps. down to 8 provided fair conditions which will become good with six more inches.

WHITEFACE, N.Y.: 2 PO on 5, good. Daily operating schedule starts Dec. 11.

QUEBEC, CANADA: With just one more successful, expected momentarily, the T-bar will start churning. 5 PO now. 19°.

MONT TREMBLANT, CANADA: Both chair lifts expected to open this Sunday and some more snow would help. 12-18 PO on north side and Sney Schuss is skiable. Base of north side still bare. Recent temps. 10 low, 24 high.

MICHIGAN; NORTH MT., Chair lift set to open Dec. 18 but, no skiable snow so far, a NS with instructional Bureau still operating.

WISCONSIN; SUN. MT.: Area hopes to roll Dec. 12 but must have 4-6 more inches. New T-bar ready now, but need good fall of snow for safe riding.

SOUTH DAKOTA; TERRY PEAK: 5 plus PO had many BS. New double chair has targeted Dec. 14 for debut, contingent upon more snow. Hopefuls say later in the way.

COLORADO; ASPEN: All lifts will operate daily from Dec. 15 on. 2 PO on 15 HB at halfway point, 12 HB at bottom. Excellent on upper.

ARIZONA: Phoenix say above-normal snowfall expected for next 10 days. 6 PO on 15 HB so far. Daytime temps. averaging 32. With

more snow, present moderate crowds will increase quickly.

WYOMING; JACKSON: 4 NS on top but only on back of bottom. It will take a foot of snow at least to open the area.

UTAH; ALTA: Local fish thermos have long claimed Alta an snow capital of North America and they have a point as usual. Excellent skiing over entire area with 18 PO on 15 HB and many more expected this weekend. Upper Gormals area is close to perfection. Heavy powder most areas is rough on the skis. No waiting on lifts so far but big crowds anticipated.

UTAH; SUN. VALLEY: Nothing doing until official opening Dec. 18. 20-30 soft PO on top of Baldy last weekend. In 5th hour last winter only 2 inches. 10-15 more PO would be a big help.

NEVADA; REED: Plenty of action here with excellent skiing on all areas. At 9,300-ft. level on top there is 60 packed PO on 24 HB and 25 packed PO at 9,200-ft. level—exactly same conditions. Daytime temps. around 25-30. Cynolds for so long small, around 300 on weekends, and probably won't increase until Christmas week.

NEW MEXICO; SANTA FE: Will open for business on Dec. 15.

CALIFORNIA; SIERRA VALLEY: Lifts have been running since Thanksgiving and there is excellent skiing from top of mountain down to Tower 24. 5 PO on 18 base. Also enough snow to ski all the way down to the lodge. Daytime temps. had been around 25-30. Cynolds for so long small, around 300 on weekends, and probably won't increase until Christmas week.

MT. SNOW: Three twin chair lifts standing lifts until another four come in. At present there is 2 HB on north and south exposures with good snow and ready for the big white blanket. Day temps. in 50s at night, 30s.

OREGON; MT. WOOD: 2 NS on 10 with conditions good. Temps. around 30. 30 min. wait for lift ride but the crowds are pouring in anyway. At Govt. Camp, 2 W and heavy with nothing operating. Needed 10-12 more.

WASHINGTON; MT. BAKER: The season late much late in starting with conditions poor at best so far. 2 W on 37 very, very old. Part of base days back to last spring and is poor for skiing. Only Aspen Pass rope tow is operating. Chutes wind blowing fast and light W snow falls continue. Take chair because last three miles of road have snow surface.

BRITISH COLUMBIA; CHELSEA, M.T.: Snow is unskiable so far with W exposure. Skier bases are skiing on a HB over flat trails and roads.

RECOGNITION

Year-end honors passed out last week: Native Dancer, named American Champion of 1954 by Board of Selectors of Thoroughbred Racing Association, following similar honor in Morning-Frischling-Racing Form poll; UCLA, voted national college football champion and Grantland Rice Award by Football Writers Association of America; Alan Ameche, Wisconsin's All-America fullback, winner of Helmsman Memorial Trophy as college football's outstanding player of 1954; Ron Beagle, All-America Navy end, winner of Maxwell Trophy as nation's

outstanding college player; Max Baerham, Oklahoma's All-America end, named Lineman of the Year by Touchdown Club of Washington, D.C.; Lee Durocher, who led the New York Giants to the National League pennant and a four-game World Series sweep over Cleveland after finishing fifth in 1954, nominated Comeback Man of the Year by Chicago baseball writers; Stella Walsh, 44-year-old holder of 65 world and national track and field records, voted Outstanding Woman Track Athlete of 1954 by Southern Pacific A.A.U. Association.

RECORD BREAKER

Lee Lewis, Little All-America back from Lincoln University (Jefferson City, Mo.), set new four-year small-college record of 4,458 yards rushing, 482 points scored, 84 touchdowns.

FOOTBALL

Notre Dame trailed in first quarter, came back to whip SMU 28-14 in final game. Powerful line checked Mustang attack, gave Quarterbacks Ralph Guglielmi perfect protection as punter, sprung Halfback Joe Hump loose for two touchdowns.

Florida A&M eked Maryland State 67-19 in Orange Blossom game, claimed national Negro college championship.

Last of major All-America teams appeared this week. Herewith a rough consensus of selections by AP, UP, INS, Collier's, Look (Look picked two men for each position).

Picked on all five teams: Quarterback Ralph Guglielmi of Notre Dame; fullback Howard Cassidy of Ohio State; fullback Alan Ameche of Wisconsin; Guard Red Brooks of Arkansas.

Picked on four teams: End Max Baerham and Center Earl Harris of Oklahoma; fullback Dick Mooghe of Rice; Tackle Jack Elkins of UCLA and End Forrest of Louisiana State.

Picked on three teams: End Ron Beagle of Navy.

Picked on two teams: Guards Tom Batts of Purdue, Calvin Jones of Iowa and Jim Salubsky of UCLA.

Harold (Red) Drew of Alabama resigned under alumni pressure as open season on football coaches began. His eight-year record of 55-38-7 included three major bowl games, but 1954 team won four, lost five, tied two. Drew's replacement: J. B. (Boss) Whitworth of Oklahoma A&M, former "Boss" guard. Other coaches who resigned or were fired:

Harvey Robinson of Tennessee, fired after 4-4 1954 record. Replaced by replacement: Bowden Wyatt of Arkansas, fired. Cadillac this week by appreciative Razorback fans.

Ed Hanowski of Fordham, resigned after nine years and persistent talk that alumni wanted return to big-time football and coach to match.

Bennie Whittall of Tulsa, fired after Golden Hurricane lost all 11 games for worst season since 1895.

Lowell (Red) Dawson of Pittsburgh, resigned in retirement because of ill health. His successor: Assistant Coach Johnny Michelunas.

DeGruened (Tom) McLaughlin of Dartmouth, retired after 14 years and 44-38-1 record.

Rip Taylor of Oregon State, resigned after 1-6 record.

Bill Young of Furman, resigned despite 5-5 record this year.

Jim Patton of New Mexico A&M, resigned when team lost all nine games.

Detroit Lions scored touchdowns in closing minutes to earn 13-13 tie with Philadelphia Eagles, clinch third straight Western Division title in National Football League. Chicago Bears interrupted seven games, defeated city rivals, Cardinals, 29-7. San Francisco 49ers routed Green Bay Packers 35-0 to hold third place.

Cleveland Browns used Ole Graham's passing to beat Washington Redskins 24-14, need one more win for Eastern Division crown. Following game, Redskins Guard Dave Gurnea, 34, collapsed died of coronary thrombosis. New York Giants retained slim chance for tie, whipping Pittsburgh Steelers 24-3, on passing of Rascoe Quarterback Bobby Chatterback (17 for 22). Last-place Baltimore Colts upset Los Angeles Rams 23-21 on 13-yard field goal (Colts' fifth of game) by Gary Kerkorian in last 12 seconds.

BASKETBALL

La Salle, 81 choice for No. 1 ranking this year, got off to flying start with victories over Millerville Teachers, 66-72, and Loyola of New Orleans, 68-71. All-America Tom Gola sparked La Salle in both games.

Kentucky, ranked No. 1 last year, was opener over Louisiana State 74-68 for 26th straight win.

Jana, favored for Big Ten title, warmed up with independent triumphs over Washington (84, Loyola), 68-61, and Loyola of Chicago, 69-79.

Duquesne's highly regarded team ousted Georgetown Bulldogs 82-63 and Memphis State 86-65.

North Carolina State showed good offense, weak defense in 111-97 win over William & Mary, named out Temple 70-63.

Niagara whipped Buffalo State Teachers 81-69, upset strong Fordham 71-63, despite 23 points by Rams' Ed Conlin.

UCLA, rated best in Pacific Coast Conference, won over Kansas State 86-57.

Kochester Royals snuffed P. Wayne's seventh-grade winning streak 65-66, but Phoenix continued at top of Western Division in National Basketball Association.

Syracuse Nationals split four games but increased lead over Philadelphia Warriors in Eastern division. High-scoring Boston Celtics held slim edge over rallying New York Knickerbockers for third.

BASEBALL

Baltimore Orioles signed in second major trade, sending Catcher Clint Courtney, Pitcher Bob Chabot, Infielder Jim Bridenstine to Chicago White Sox for Pitchers Don Johnson and Don Fominer, Catcher Matt Batts, Infielder Fred Marsh.

Orleans and New York Yankees also completed big 10-player deal, Yankees getting First Baseman Dick Kyburck, Catcher Dan Johnson, Pitcher Mike Stoen, Outfielders Jim Friday and Ted Del Greco for Pitcher Bill Miller, Infielders Ed Segal and Don Lippert.

BOXING

Johnny Saxton, who won world welterweight title from Kid Gavilan in much-criticized fight last month, outboxed Ramon Ponce in 16-round mainline at Los Angeles. Crowd of 8,844 booed, stomped feet, tossed wadded paper cups into ring as fighters warbled, grabbed, clinched.

Charlie Neukon, wild-swinging Port Washington, L.I. heavyweight, won decision over seventh-ranked Richard La Starza at Cleveland.

Marty Marshall, promising Detroit light heavyweight, knocked Bob Satterfield out of proposed mainline fight with Archie Moore with second-round KO at Chicago.

Frankie Byrd, unbeaten New York lightweight, bled freely from cuts about eyes but won split decision over Orlando Zabala at New York for 16th straight victory and possible make of year honors.

Ray Robinson began comeback by outboxing Gene Burien in exhibition at Hamilton, Ont., was suspended by Michigan Board of Athletic Control for running out on Dec. 8 fight with Joe Robinson at Detroit.

Bill Daly, manager of Welterweight Vince Martini, was fined \$500 by New York State Athletic Commission for not keeping adequate records of 1100-per-fight TV payments to N.Y. Boxing Managers Guild. Commission was unable to determine whether payments came off top of purse, as charged by Paul Martinis, or from Daly's share.

HORSE RACING

Joe James set new Bowie, Md., track record of 1:54 4/5 for mile and eighth, winning by length and half in John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap.

Determino, Andrew Green's Kentucky Derby winner, splashed through mud to take two-and-half-length victory in \$15,000 Oakland Handicap at Golden Gate Fields, Alameda, Calif., boosting 1954 earnings to \$113,100.

continued on next page

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● RADIO NETWORK: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

December 10 through 19

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10

Boxing

Steel Bowl Tournament, Pittsburgh: Pittsburgh vs. San. Washington; Des Moines vs. Portland.

Boxing

● Vince Martinez vs. Al Andersen, welterweights, 8 p.m. (ABC).
● Bud So. Garden, 8 p.m. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).
● Sandy Satoher vs. Bobby Woods, featherweights (points), Spokane, Wash. (10 rds.).

Golf

Seaboard Inv. championship, Pleasant, N.C.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11

Boxing

(College)
● Mike Stone vs. Indiana, South Bend, Ind., 2 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS).
● Pennsylvania vs. Michigan; Villanova vs. St. Francis, Lenoir, Pa.; Palumbo, Philadelphia; Niagara vs. La Salle; Carleton vs. Louisville, Memorial Auditorium, Buffalo, N.Y.
● N.Y. vs. Boston College; St. John's vs. Holy Cross, Med. Sq. Garden, N.Y.
(Professional)
● Boston Celtics vs. Syracuse Nationals, Boston, 3 p.m. (NBC).
● Milwaukee Hawks vs. N.Y. Knickerbockers, Milwaukee, 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.
● Rochester Royals vs. Minneapolis Lakers, Rochester, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Boxing

● Luke Panto vs. Tommy Collins, featherweights (10 rds.); George Asango vs. Jackie Blair, lightweight (10 rds.); Ed Sanders vs. Willie James, heavyweight (10 rds.), Boston Garden.
● Mico Valdez vs. Jimmy Wells, heavyweight, Hamilton, Bermuda (10 rds.).

Boxing

● Miami Club of Philadelphia, Convention Hall, Philadelphia.

Boxing

● Sly Seal, Raleigh, N.C.: Appalachian (8-2-2) vs. Newberry (3-2-2).
● Junior Box Bowl, Pasadena, Calif.: (1) Garrow Jr. College (8-0) vs. Alamo Jr. College (8-0-0).
● Milk Bowl Game, Kerrville, Texas, 2 p.m. (M-500).
● San Francisco 49ers vs. Baltimore Colts, San Francisco, 3 p.m. (2a Most*).

Gymnastics

Midwestern championships, Chicago.

Baseball

Detroit Red Wings vs. N.Y. Rangers, Detroit.
Montreal Canadiens vs. Boston Bruins, Montreal.
Toronto Maple Leafs vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Toronto.

Baseball

Golden Gate Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-year-olds vs. Golden Gate Fields, Albany, Calif.
Ponce de Leon Handicap, \$7,500, 1 1/4 m., 3-year-olds up, Tropical Pk., Coral Gables, Fla.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12

Boxing

● Ft. Wayne Pistons vs. Boston Celtics, Ft. Wayne, Ind., 8:30 p.m.
● Minneapolis Lakers vs. N.Y. Knickerbockers, Minneapolis, 7 p.m. C.S.T.
● Rochester Royals vs. Milwaukee Hawks, Indio, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.
● Syracuse Nationals vs. Philadelphia Warriors, Syracuse, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Boxing

● Rex Layne vs. Heinz Neuhau, heavyweights, Dortmund, Germany (10 rds.).

Football

● Chicago Bears vs. Detroit Lions, Chicago, 2 p.m. (ABC-local blackout; 1a Most*).
● Cleveland Browns vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Cleveland, 2 p.m. (2a Most*).
● Los Angeles Rams vs. Green Bay Packers, Los Angeles, 2 p.m. P.S.T.
● Philadelphia Eagles vs. N.Y. Giants, Philadelphia, 2 p.m. (2a Most*).
● Washington Redskins vs. Chicago Cardinals, Washington, D.C., 2 p.m. (ABC-local blackout*).

Golf

Miami Open Inv., Miami Springs, Fla.

Hockey

Boston Bruins vs. Montreal Canadiens, Boston.
Chicago Black Hawks vs. Detroit Red Wings, Chicago.
N.Y. Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, New York.

Boxing

Penguins, Gibson Island, Md.

Boxing

● Palm Beach Jr. Open, Coral Beach T.C., Palm Beach, Fla.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 13

Boxing

Boston College vs. U. of Conn., Boston Garden.

Boxing

● Rudy Garcia vs. Gene Smith, featherweights, Eastern Pk., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).
● Danny Jo Panto vs. Kenny Lane, lightweight, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (2a Most*).

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14

Boxing

Boston Celtics vs. Minneapolis Lakers, 7:30 p.m.; N.Y. Knickerbockers vs. Syracuse Nationals, 8:30 p.m., Med. Sq. Garden, N.Y.

Boxing

● Southern States Amateur championships, Weymouth, Pa.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15

Boxing

● Ft. Wayne Pistons vs. Philadelphia Warriors, 7:30 p.m.; Minneapolis Lakers vs. Rochester Royals, 8:15 p.m., Buffalo, N.Y.
● N.Y. Knickerbockers vs. Syracuse Nationals, 7:30 p.m.; Boston Celtics vs. Milwaukee Hawks, 8:30 p.m., Boston Garden.

Boxing

● Bob Olson vs. Pierre Langlois, for middleweight title, Cos Palace, San Francisco (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS).

Boxing

● Chicago Black Hawks vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, St. Louis.
● N.Y. Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, New York.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16

Boxing

World championships for special event, Buenos Aires.

Boxing

● Mike vs. St. Francis, Lenoir, Pa.; St. John's vs. Temple, Med. Sq. Garden, N.Y.

Boxing

● Carmen Basile vs. Peter Mueller, welterweights, Syracuse, N.Y. (10 rds.).

Golf

Arena C.C. Invitational, Havana.

* See local TV listing

Boston Bruins vs. Detroit Red Wings, Boston.
Montreal Canadiens vs. N.Y. Rangers, Montreal.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17

Boxing

● Birmingham Classic, Birmingham, Ala.: Alabama vs. Texas; N. Virginia vs. Wake Forest; Kentucky Tournament, Montgomery, Ala.; Wash. & Lee vs. Auburn; Maine vs. Transylvania.

Boxing

● Bob Baker vs. Coley Wallace, heavyweights, Med. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Boxing

● Open Bowl, Tampa, Fla.: Univ. of Tampa (7-2-0) vs. Monte Harvey (8-1-0).

Boxing

● U.S. vs. Sweden, Davis Cup international final, Brisbane, Australia.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18

Boxing

(College)
● Northwestern vs. Tulane, Evanston, Ill., 2 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS).
● N.Y. vs. Pittsburgh; La Salle vs. Utah, Med. Sq. Garden, N.Y.

Boxing

● Milwaukee Hawks vs. N.Y. Knickerbockers, Milwaukee, 3 p.m. (NBC).
● Boston Celtics vs. Philadelphia Warriors, Boston, 8:30 p.m.
● Minneapolis Lakers vs. Syracuse Nationals, Minneapolis, 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.
● Rochester Royals vs. Ft. Wayne Pistons, Rochester, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Boxing

● Chicago Black Hawks vs. Montreal Canadiens, Chicago.
● Detroit Red Wings vs. Boston Bruins, Detroit.
● Toronto Maple Leafs vs. N.Y. Rangers, Toronto.

Boxing

● Golden Gate Futurity, \$15,000, 1 m., 2-year-olds, Golden Gate Fields, Albany, Calif.
● Coral Gables Handicap, \$7,500, 5 f., all ages, Tropical Pk., Coral Gables, Fla.

Boxing

● Pacific Coast dandy championships, Seattle, Calif.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19

Boxing

● Canelo vs. H. race, Mexico.

Boxing

● Ft. Wayne Pistons vs. Milwaukee Hawks, Ft. Wayne, Ind., 8:30 p.m.
● Rochester Royals vs. Philadelphia Warriors, 1:15 p.m.; N.Y. Knickerbockers vs. Boston Celtics, 3:30 p.m. Med. Sq. Garden, N.Y.
● Syracuse Nationals vs. Minneapolis Lakers, Syracuse, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Boxing

● Worcester Kennel Club, Memorial Auditorium, Worcester, Mass.

Boxing

● Cleveland Browns vs. Detroit Lions, Cleveland, 2 p.m. (2a Most*).
● Pasadena Bowl, San Diego, Calif.; Ft. St. John vs. Rolling Air Force Base, Washington, D.C.

Boxing

● Chicago Black Hawks vs. Boston Bruins, Chicago.
● Detroit Red Wings vs. Montreal Canadiens, Detroit.
● N.Y. Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, New York.

Boxing

● Tiger Tote Memorial Tournament, Bear Mountain, N.Y.

KEY TO SYMBOLS

SD—season closed for season; DS—season closed for district; OF—season closed by district or water.
C—close water, D—close district or only, M—month only.
N—none at season level; SU—supplies high; H—high; VH—very high; L—low; M—medium; F—fishing.
WTS—water treatment OF.
PD—rising pool; PF—fishing bar; FF—fishing run; OG—outlet pool; OF—outlet pool.



A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other available sources

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BLACK BASS: winter: A few black bass are reported from Mangrove region of Lake of the Clouds but white bass are providing most action. In Guavina Area area, fishing is poor despite good weather and water conditions. Old-time angler using live minnows natural food too abundant for good fishing. **OFF.**

TRUTHERS: Cherokee and Douglas lakes during the course of last month have an area rotating along but cold weather makes outdoor poor. Douglas is almost unapproachable by impassable mud lakes and has closed camp in North and Cherokee should get results next two weeks (10-15-16-17). While weather stays dry, bass should keep on hitting well in Old River (18 miles east of Arma) and in Shale Bayou (20 miles south of Arma). Local reports are getting limits 100 on catch-and-release only but bags and plugs should produce lots of action.

FLORIDA: Best fishing in northeast Florida is Lake Jackson; any fishing with spoon-and-bait, spin and or topwater plugs that water levels are still low in this area for top fishing (10-15-16-17). For central Florida Lake Kissimmee and Kissimmee River look good, with an 11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-122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They Say:

"Your success in reaching widely and appealing to the interest of everyone attached to sports makes your magazine a must in every human household."

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Great Lakes, Ill.

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— Mrs. M. E. L.,
Alhambra, N. M.

SIR WINSTON,

Currently celebrating his 60th birthday, Churchill, dean of world's statesmen, looks back on a full and varied sports career, including "30 years of polo."

THE WINSTON of Britain's Public School Fencing Championship in 1892 was a chunky 18-year-old redhead from Harrow. A contemporary expert called him "one of the smartest competitors ever seen at these annual contests." Thus did Winston Spencer Churchill earn his first taste of fame. His other feats since then have obscured the life of Churchill the sportsman, but as a cadet at Sandhurst and later as a young officer he excelled in all equestrian sports, especially polo. In India, he led his team to victory in the celebrated Inter-Regimental Tournament and scored three goals despite a badly injured arm. Recently he remarked contentedly, "I've had 30 years of polo."

Age has removed him from the saddle but the Churchill colors, pink, chocolate sleeves and cap, can be seen at race meetings. He paid a debt of gratitude for the pleasures of horsemanship when he wrote: "Don't give your son money . . . give him horses. No hour . . . is lost that is spent in the saddle."



FISHERMAN CHURCHILL won an argument with this 753-pound marlin off Catalina Island in 1929. He vacationed in California over five years as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

EYE ON THE BALL. Churchill forgot his worries as First Lord of the Admiralty during a round of golf at Cannes in 1913. He had been working hard to modernize British Navy.

SPORTSMAN



SIDING TO HOUNDS with the Old Surrey and Evesham Hunt near his farm in Kent, Sir Winston, temporarily out of office, made one of his last appearances on a horse in 1943.



"THE PRINCE OF GAMES" he called golf "because it combines all the pleasure of hitting the ball ... with all the pleasures of riding and horsemanship, and to these is added that intricate, loyal team-work ... which renders a true contribution so easily superior to the individual."



MEDITERRANEAN SWIM was relished by pet poodle Fluffy and master during a visit to Monte Carlo in 1948. Churchill learned how to swim as a nine-year-old schoolboy.



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to make good schools!

It takes more than luck to help our children develop into the kind of leaders and citizens America is going to need in the years ahead.

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Luck, of course, is no substitute for the

interest every citizen can and should take in the future of our children and the needs of our schools.

It's up to each and every one of us to support and work with our local school board, P.T.A.'s, and other public-spirited groups who work so unselfishly on behalf of the children of our community.



BETTER SCHOOLS BUILD BETTER COMMUNITIES

19th
HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

FAST WORK

Sir:
Have just finished reading your Nov. 22 issue of SI, and enjoyed it as much as the preceding issues.

One thing I would like to commend you on is the story about the attempted \$25,000 fix. Four magazines (I really giving the reader the news fast. I had finished reading this article, and our local newspaper didn't have the story until that evening. That, plus the rest of the article, makes it a cool sport magazine.

Keep up the good work.

DICK AMES

New Orleans

THE GREATEST

Sir:
I was very pleased to see that SI finally gave some real attention to the greatest sport in the world to watch or play—soccer. I played it for the first time this fall, and of all the sports I have ever watched or played, it's the greatest.

In your article you should have mentioned Oberlin College. Oberlin was nine straight games this fall, and has now played 41 straight games without a defeat. They lay claim to Midwest supremacy, and to one of it not the longest unbeaten strings in college soccer.

KARL STEPHENS

Barrington, R.I.

HOW CAN WE MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND?

Sir:
In regard to your article on soccer, I must say that never before have I been moved so much. For the last four years or more there have been some interested students on this campus knocking their brains out on the soccer field. . . . Every year we approach our athletic director about becoming a varsity sport here and are usually sent off with a puff of smoke from his pipe.

What can we do to make him understand what a great sport soccer is?

BOB GUILLIAN
Ohio University

Athens, Ohio

BEMIDJAH GIANT

Sir:
Just to let you know how much I enjoyed reading your fine story about the Army-Navy soccer game in SI November 28. I'm sure I also express the feeling of over 500,000 grateful soccer fans the country over. It is indeed a true tribute to this sport that the infant GIANT of the American sports scene, SI, was the first serious sports magazine to recognize the world's most popular game in its pages.

Soccer gives the average, and smaller-size student an equal chance with the six-footer to compete for his school colors. What's more, outliving an entire soccer team costs barely more than it costs to outfit a single football player.

I hope that SI will not stop with this one article. I truly believe more people are interested in the beating game than many of the pastimes that receive regular coverage in your publication.

FREDERIC GREEN

Detroit

FOR HANSIE

Sir:
The article *Country Full of Deer* by Chas. Nichols (SI, Nov. 22) could have been a classic had not the author included the very last paragraph.

What a sportsman—"I shot the buck as it lay in unalloyed comfort, etc., etc."

For shame—why should you condone such sportsmanship.

H. R. BORMAN

Fargo, N. Dak.

■ Nichols accomplished the supreme achievement in deer hunting: to stalk the buck to his bed without alarming that extraordinarily sensitive animal. The odds against this are staggering and no poor sportsmanship is involved in killing the animal as it lies.—ED.

BIG DOPPER

Sir:
Mr. Hand's article on polo (SI Nov. 22) was very pleasant.

It reminded me a bit of stories like Mr. H. L. Herbert's. They were unable to get balls and mallets when he formed his club so they put together several sets with bayonet handles and croquet mallet heads. Later on Mr. Herbert guided the affairs of the U.S. Polo Association for over 20 years.

I sometimes wonder if all the fuss about level fields is so important. One of the clubs in Massachusetts used a field (considered one of the very best for over half a century) with such a dip at one end that spectators could only see bobbing heads. . . .

EVELYN PROSCOTT
Editor

New York Polo Publications
New York

■ H. L. Herbert, father of American polo, served as chairman of the Polo Association from 1890 to 1921. Miss Proscott's dipping field was located at Myopia.—ED.

GOD-WE-DE JIMMED

Sir:
Have you been hearing from correspondents about the 1938 Olympic Marathon (SI, Nov. 1) I thought you may be interested in further details.

This is an event in which I am greatly interested as I witnessed Longboat's training at Kilmallock, County Limerick, Ireland and was present at the race. . . . Longboat was inclined to tip his elbow and was a constant source of worry on that account to his trainers.

After the race (on a very hot day, by the way) it was common knowledge that a tremendous betting coup had been put across. His trainer was a Canadian bookmaker who laid 15 to 1 against Longboat. . . . He was leading at 25 miles when he was given champagne with possibly something else in it and shortly after he dropped out. I had followed him on a bicycle twice while training over the full route and never saw him distressed. You can never convince me he wasn't "jobbed" or that

possibly \$100,000 was set won on his failure.

By the way, the 1938 games was the occasion when the running of the 448 was declared "no race" at the halfway mark on account of the "boating" by the U.S. runners and when ordered to be rerun in lanes we refused to run. . . .

Thanks for SI which I enjoy tremendously.

R.V.E. HARRIS

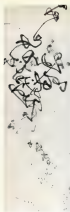
Sacramento



CHAMPAGNE AND REST

■ In retrospect the 1938 Olympics seem a comedy of mismanagement. Originally awarded to Italy, the games were shifted to London due to the '38 eruption of Vauxsaria and other internal difficulties. Lord Desborough, an internationally admired sportsman and head of the British Olympic Committee, set up and supervised the games with great goodwill and enthusiasm, but soon had so much trouble on his hands that '38 is sometimes called the Battle of Shepherd's Bush after London's stadium. First of all the U.S. and Sweden discovered that their country's flags were nowhere to be seen among those of the competing nations; the proudly independent Finns, however, were assigned Russian flags (a Russian idea), and the Irish were horrified at being assigned to the British team. The U.S. considered marathoner Longboat a professional; the Italians protested the decision of the famous Marathon (see SI, Nov. 1); Canada and France were miffed over the conduct of the cycling races and Swedish workmen withdrew from the Graeco-Roman events. Great and lasting bitterness, however, was caused by the 400-meter run. Here one of England's favorite sons, Lieut. Wyndham Halswelle, was matched against three Americans: Carpenter of Cornell, Robbins of Harvard and Taylor of the Irish-American A. C. Days before, English papers darkly hinted at the skulduggery that could be expected from the Americans. U.S. Coach Murphy cautioned his men to stay out of trouble and on the great day itself spectators were urged to bear in mind Lord Nelson's instructions at Trafalgar

continued on next page



ENEMY FOOTBALL



ARMY SCORES

BUT WHO'S GOT THE BALL?

Sir: Here's a photo of a brush drawing by the Chinese artist Chai Kwan Chen entitled *Football Game* which may amuse your readers. Chen, architect as well as artist, is currently working on plans for new university buildings on Formosa. It is the artist's reaction to a number of football games he has attended while studying and teach-

ing in this country. Perhaps in this case a picture is worth a thousand diagrams! J. WILM, President
TEL Art Appreciation League
Brookline, Mass.

■ Maybe it is. Our Bob Cramer, having charted the Army-Navy game in front of his television set, just put this diagram of Army's second touchdown on our desk.—ED.

("England expects . . ."). The race itself has been the subject of arguments for over 45 years. Carpenter led into the finish, but had he blocked Hakewell at the turn? Who cut the finish tape and why did English officials obstruct Taylor in the stretch? It was even the next day with the laughty named Hakewell sadly walking the distance as the only entrant.—ED.

"WE WON"

Sir: I thought that the article by Don Churnin in *SL*, Dec. 28, deserved some comment. My only wish is that I had received the magazine copy earlier so that it might have been possible to counter his article to some extent, but my living over here prevents my getting the issues any earlier than a month after publication.

In the first place, 2 Americas "loose" the Olympic, either over-all or just in track and field, she will be foisted by her own people. America is the country that invented the slogan "We Won the Olympics" when everybody else was just interested in the individuals who competed. It was very easy for us to win the games

when there were no large, athletically minded countries competing in them. Mr. Churnin mentions the 1950 games when Finland won as many events as we did. Doesn't he consider that a country of 3 million people has won when it has one of 130-140 million in the matter of gold medals? In all probability the 1948 games would have resulted in a defeat for the U.S. at the hands of Germany. Only the start of World War II prevented that from taking place. . . .

More important is the fact that Mr. Churnin believes that the Russian team at Bern was a surprise. Before the 1952 Olympics I spoke to a group of newspapermen at Helsinki and the consensus was that the Russians would win between 8 and 10 events in male track and field events and probably everything in the women's events. They ended up taking the lowest number in the men's events, and lost three of the women's events. If anything, the surprise at Bern was the great weakness of the Russians in various events, especially the sprint and jumps. This is especially true if the times that have come out of Russia have been correct. Eleven Russians have done 10.7 for the 100 meters in the past year and a half (Suzanne has been timed at 10.4 this year), yet they could not find

two men to beat 10.7 seconds and qualify for the final at Bern. Suzanne couldn't even get into the semifinals. Very much the same was true in the other flat shorter races (under 5,000 meters) with the exception of Ignatyev. The latter looks like one of the truly fine sprinters in the world. His 46.5 in the 400 meters was achieved rather easily and he has also done 48.1, although this latter may be around one half.

An indicative sign of Russian strength is the fact that Anatolyev, who has been considered their second best distance man (behind Kuz), has completely fallen apart this year. There is really no other Russian besides Kuz who can compete with the Katoch, Kovacs, Schach and company over the Woodworth courses.

As for the other Russian runners, they don't appear to be a threat except in the 400-meter hurdle. Hakewell would have to use a pegs stick to keep up with the three best Americans and the Jamaican Gardner. In the steeplechase, Ristvedt and Karvonen of Finland, the Norwegian Larsen and Rosenqvist and Jernemyr of Hungary are a greater threat than any of the Russians to Haras Ashenfelder (and of course the Pole Chruscik who was unable to run in the final at Bern). In the field events only Sobolevskov and Krivonozov look like potential winners. Yet both face extremely strong competition. The former from A.P. de Silva of Brazil and the latter from the more consistent Strand and Cornack.

If there is going to be a shock at Melbourne, I think that it will be provided by members of the British Commonwealth. Since the 1948 Olympics their runners and throwers have been coming on at an astounding rate of speed. Beyond the more famous Hammar and Landy, there are such men as Johnson, Chiswick, Price, West, De Mendis, Gardner, Elliott, Agostini, and Harry Kane, the young 400-meter hurdler who recently split Luyker and Yulín at London. They are today what Russia's athletes were in 1948, just under their peak and always going better in such subsequent races. They are in a position to wreck any timetable set up today.

KENNETH J. CHURMAN
Stockholm, Sweden

A STORY LONG OVERDUE

Sir: Your Benji Jack story, Nov. 24 issue, was excellent, interesting and heart-warming. It produced an inspiring message to young fighters who wish for the greatness Benji Jack had as an athlete. It's a story that was long overdue. Congrats to *SL* on a fine job, on a great day. . . .

BOB SULLIVAN
Larchmont, N.Y.

GRABY A TOUCH

Sir: I will never regret my charter subscription to *SL*. It easily is one of the most satisfying publications I have ever read. Until the May, 15 issue, however, I did have one complaint and was, in fact, about to register same until seeing the Slippery Rock article. . . .

I do not carry a torch for Slippery Rock particularly, but for what it represents—the hundreds of small colleges with hundreds of thousands of alumni and supporters throughout the country. . . .

I thought of this one day early in Octo-

low. Returning from a business trip in New York, it was necessary for me to make a two-day stopover in a small town in western Pennsylvania—Meadville. The local newspaper informed me there was a college football game that afternoon between Allegheny College, sporting a 13-game losing streak, and Robert College, an overwhaling favorite, featuring two "little All-Americans" in their lineup.

Knowing little about these schools, but being an ardent fan of any kind of football, I took in this game, and had the most enjoyable afternoon that I have experienced in a long time.

Allegheny, while clearly outclassed, never stopped trying. One of their halfbacks, a freshman playing his first college game, took a kick-off six yards deep in the end zone and ran it back 166 yards for a T.D. What a thrill this must have been for this boy. Yet no one more than 50 miles from Meadville would ever read about his outstanding feat (which, for all I know could be the longest run of the season in any game), but every fan in the country would read over and over again about an Alan Amosch making a spectacular one-yard plunge. Amosch, of course, is great, but must a boy attend a large, well-published college to earn acclaim? ...

JOHN McNAMARA

Los Angeles

■ We couldn't cover them all, but a count shows we reported on 122 college teams—some big, some small.—ED.

LIVING LANGUAGE

Sir:

SI's comments over this last football season on higher education—football relationship recall this true story.

Enough time has passed so that this tale can be related without embarrassment to any of the actors.

It involved a 135-pound quarterback. In addition to his featherweight physique, he was slow of foot. In his third year he still sat on the bench with four games on the schedule gone.

Then, quite by accident, because the coach intended to send in another, heavier quarterback, he got to play about the middle of the third quarter of the fifth game. The score was 0-0, and his team was bumbling badly against a supposedly inferior opponent. Our quarterback quickly steered his team to four touchdowns, and from then on he was the regular quarterback with two years more of eligibility ahead of him.

As he entered his fifth year of college, he was hard put to find anything left in the curriculum. After several seasons with his class, for lack of anything else, a beginning course in Babylonian language was elected. When the marks were handed down, our quarterback was awarded an A.

The next year every eligible footballer took Babylonian—all got A's. There is a limit to all good things, and that was it for the football players. The professor of Babylonian passed away the next June before he could conduct his third class for the football team.

The rationale of the professor of Babylonian has never been explained. Perhaps the sight of a star football player in his meager audience was such a shock that he was temporarily ditznapped, and having set a precedent refused to deviate; perhaps,

knowing that he had a good product, he seized upon his first real opportunity to popularize it; perhaps again, this particular troop of stalwarts had genuine but unforeseen aptitude for things Babylonian. ...

... The years were 1923-25, the quarterback Bob Curley, the coach, A. A. Stupp at Chicago in the pre-Hatchins days, when the Maroons could beat almost anyone, most of the time. The professor of Babylonian was Daniel D. Loeberliff, died June 5, 1927.

CARL V. WINNER JR.
Fort Lauderdale, Florida



QUARTERBACK CURLEY

■ Bob Curley did emerge as Chicago's regular quarterback from that game with Indiana, but he recalls that the Babylonian scholar-athlete, as the result of faculty disapproval, was eventually all dunked by the vacillating professor of ancient history.—ED.

HOW COULD YOU

Sir:

FOR SHAME A FRANK MERRIWELL SWEATER IN CHIMNEY (SPORTING LIFE, NOV. 22) AND HE TALKS MOST BELIEVABLE ATHLETE. HOW COULD THAT IT OCCURRED TO US THAT BECAUSE OF YOUR FREQUENT AND MOST WELCOME MENTION OF FRANK MERRIWELL IN YOUR GRAND MAGAZINE THAT POSSIBLY YOUR ADVERTISERS AND READERS MIGHT ASSUME THAT THEY COULD USE THE NAME FRANK MERRIWELL FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES. SUCH IS NOT THE CASE. WE OWN ALL THE RIGHTS TO FRANK MERRIWELL AND THAT NAME CANNOT BE USED FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES WITHOUT OUR EXPRESSED PERMISSION. NOT ONLY HAVE THE FRANK MERRIWELL TYPE SWEATERS REFUSED TO POPULARITY BUT FRANK HIMSELF WILL RETURN TO THE SPORTS ARENA IN A NEW COME BACK SERIES STARTING IN MARCH.

H. TONY LONDON
Hollywood, Calif.

■ A pat on Merriwell's true blue sweater.—ED.

KIP'S DIRTY LOOKS

Sir:

Those of SI's readers who are fond of dogs may enjoy this letter which a friend

of mine recently received from the kennel manager who is training his Golden Retriever Kip. The manager is Chuck Morgan of Random Lake, Wis. and he wrote as follows:

"I believe that Kip should be left here. He is beginning to grasp that our entire purpose in life is not just to make him happy; to let him do as he pleases; that he has some responsibilities in life. He is a beautiful dog and no doubt feels that the Almighty would make such a fine-looking dog for just one purpose, to be petted, played with and admired.

"While we do not want to deny him the game of adoring eyes, or the touch of friendly hands, we are beginning to get over to him that he can't do all the time just what he pleases—that he can do certain things to please us. He isn't taking it too tough. In the process he occasionally gives us a dirty look. I believe that in time he will get in the spirit of it. I feel he is smart, but I can appreciate it was a rude awakening and a terrible shock to him to have his personal liberties interfered with. He tried to tell us those or four times that he didn't care for it and was going to retire to the peace of his pen. We convinced him he was wrong and to continue his studies. He is campus king and a library quarterback, but we have told him he could be a good football player on the regular team. We already have plenty of cheerleaders. Leave him here awhile longer. Like all living things we cannot save him of doing everything he should not do. In dogs, as in human beings, there seems to be a constant urge to do things we should not do. I think it time he will make Mr. Gates an acceptable hunting dog. It might take a month or two longer, and a retrainer course next summer. He is no fool, this Kip, sometimes he seems too smart."

I. C. FERRASSEN

Granby, Colorado

TEARFUL SERENADE

Sir:

I read with great interest and amusement a letter regarding my now *Servando* from a Mr. Art Kinkle in Uffra Blain, Nev. 15. As a matter of fact, I nearly sat down and cried. You people should be ashamed of yourselves. I would think that the least you could do is to send the poor guy a trophy. As a matter of fact, it wouldn't have to cost much. It's the thought that counts. You could send him an old split old baton or maybe a slightly frayed jib shirt. On second thought, I have a slightly used Wilkie button. But Mr. Editor, Please don't send him another how to blow.

I have talked with some of the people who were in the "One-of-a-Kind" race and I do not want or intend this letter to take anything away from the boy that sailed the snow as he gave a good account of his sailing ability. ...

But under the system that they were sailing, everything favored the snow. It is a lot bigger, more sail, and in relation a much shorter waterline. It's like seeing a Dutch against a Crowsley. ...

My suggestion is Mr. Kinkle is that he get a violin and serenade the "Servando" and when he is through with that converted Wilkie washboard, get a sailboat and try sailing instead of tootin'.

J. B. THOMPSON

Houston, Texas

continued on next page

TRANSMAL ALL-STAR

Several weeks ago I read an article in your magazine (81, Sept. 30) regarding the progress of baseball in the countries of Europe. Upon reading this item, I wondered if you and your magazine staff had heard of the popularity and progress of baseball and softball in South Africa and the Rhodesias.

Baseball from an amateur status is well organized and is progressing very rapidly in South Africa. The South African Baseball Association has just completed an arrangement with the U.S. Amateur Baseball Association to send an amateur team from the United States to South Africa and the Rhodesias in November 1955, for the purpose of playing approximately 25 games with the South African and Rhodesian ball teams.

The baseball season begins on 1 October and continues until about 10 March of each year. Each province of South Africa has teams organized into one or more leagues according to playing ability. Games are played on Saturdays with the major league teams playing on a central field called "Baseball Headquarters." Here in Northern Transvaal the major league has seven teams. After the completion of the first round of play, each province picks an all-star team from their major league players. This team is called the Province Team (Northern Transvaal). Games are then played between the province teams. The province with the most wins over the other provincial teams is considered the unofficial champion of South Africa. . . .

NEWMARKET, BLACKWELL, Pretoria, South Africa

SPORTING ANCESTOR

Mr.: As one who has closely followed sports here and abroad for many years, and who has read every issue of *SI* to date, congratulations on a job well done. . . . It is a splendid service to the American sporting public.

In recent years I have been engaged in writing a history of the American turf. I was particularly interested in the coverage of Racing's Laurel International in your Nov. 15 issue, and am sure you won't mind my making a correction in the article *U.S. Racing Is Headed for Glory* by Alfred Hughes. . . .

In the article, Mr. Hughes states: "First American race track was Newmarket at Hempstead Plains near where Belmont now stands. In fact the Newmarket Stables, oldest American sporting trophy and earliest piece of authenticated Colonial silverware (at Yale University), was donated by British Governor Nicolls in 1668 to be competed for at the spring meeting at the then three-year-old Newmarket grass course."

Actually, it is no fact at all. . . . The porringer referred to in the Yale Collection was fashioned by Peter vanburgh and the misleading inscription on it is: 1668, wms. att. hampsted. plains. march 23. . . . The noted Director of the Yale University Art Gallery, John Marshall Phillips, has given me the following information:

"The porringer is not the oldest authenticated piece of American-made silver in existence as it was fashioned . . . probably around 1719. It bears the initials P-M for Francis and Maria Salisbury who were married about that time.

"There was a silver cup offered as a prize for a race run at Hempstead Plains in March 1668, and since this porringer bears an inscription which must have been copied from an earlier piece it was thought that it was fashioned from the cup which was the prize given at that time.

"The race, run over Hempstead Plains, Long Island, was won by Captain Sylvester Salisbury, a date-up ancestor to the Francis and Maria Salisbury whose initials are on the porringer. Therefore, this porringer in the Yale Collection is inscribed as of 1668 to commemorate the date of the silver racing cup awarded an ancestor in that year. . . .

"... The earliest piece of American silver is however a drum cup by Hull and Sanderson, fashioned in 1651, in the Garvan Collection. . . .

DICK KARLON

Asheville, N.C.



OLDEST SPORTING TROPHY

THE AIR I BURNED

Mr.: My attention has been called to a letter in your issue of Nov. 1, 1954, from, relative to *Airborne America*, signed by Captain M. L. Nichols. An author at this place I would like to add a bit of history to Captain Nichols' letter.

Airborne America was composed in 1945 by me as a football song. The facts are these: as leader of the midshipmen's church choir, it became my duty by custom to prepare a portfolio of songs for the midshipmen to sing in the upcoming December 2 Army-Navy annual football contest. Up to then no permanent football song had been

produced at Annapolis and the use by the midshipmen of a parody on *Army Blue* (referred to as *West Point song*) was suspected as being somewhat responsible for the Navy's recent string of three defeats and one tie in competition with the Army.

It was evident that we needed an inspiring marching song. The title first considered was *March March*, then *March America*, but luckily I finally hit upon the marshall term, *Airborne America* which seemed to have a timely suggestion.

It was at church choir practice that the air which I had been nursing developed into a song that all hands liked. We then rehearsed with the brigade of midshipmen and they quickly learned it. Navy was the game after four lean years, and we marched from the railroad station to our quarters in Annapolis singing *Airborne America*. At last—it was "hike the Army"—a good omen and the song has persisted to this day.

Bandmaster Charles A. Zimmerman, in writing the orchestration for our 1947 Jans Ball march, dedicated to the graduating class, included the football refrain as the trio of the march. For this I felt complimented and gladly gave my permission. Zimmerman's march was also arranged in a higher key for brass band by Adolph Tenover, Ball leader, and published under Professor Zimmerman's authorship purely as a march without words.

Several parodies on the original football song have been written and I also wrote a verse which was widely used as a war song during World War II. The government records show that in 1928 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer purchased the march from Professor Zimmerman's widow for \$1,000.

Airborne America has done better so widely used in the wars and with the Navy in general, that to many it has perhaps outgrown its significance as a football song, but such it was and is, and every time the Navy makes a touchdown you will hear the Navy band play it with gusto!

ALFRED H. MILLS
Captain USN, (ret.)

Norfolk, Va.



"Mr. Rigby is here for a 1,000 mile check-up."

3 Cheers...for the Holidays

Always in good taste...

Smart Gifts of Fine Whiskey

This KENTUCKY TAVERN GIFT DECANTER will flatter your friends. The rare quality of the whiskey makes it especially appropriate for those "hard to buy for" names.



Got a man to buy for? A week-and-a-half? THE LEATHERETTE CASE is rich in design for the masculine eye and taste! A perfect idea for business associates.

Here's the smart way to browse through your gift list with "something out of the ordinary!" Always appreciated, these smart Kentucky Tavern Holiday Gift Packages are no more than the regular bottle! As gifts they'll reflect your perfect taste...because the taste of Kentucky Tavern has made it The Aristocrat of Bonds.

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STRAIGHT
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Everybody will get a head out of the clever KENTUCKY TAVERN "BOO! N' BOTTLE!" The whiskey is too good to keep, but the head will find a dozen uses as a novel Holiday decoration piece.





In the **S**tocking—
under the **T**ree—

**The Most Popular
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